

Sports Illustrated

JULY 20, 1970 60 CENTS

THE TOUGHEST CHICANO

Viking Quarterback
Joe Kapp



A man and a woman are standing in a lush garden filled with various plants, including large green leaves and bright pink flowers. The man is wearing a light-colored, long-sleeved button-down shirt and light-colored trousers, and he is holding a cigarette. The woman is wearing a light-colored, patterned dress and is looking down at something she is holding in her hands. The scene is set in a window box on a city street, as indicated by the text.

“Their garden? Just a
window box on a city street.
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Other delights.

Basically, we have a 2300-cubic-centimeter (140-cubic-inch) overhead-cam four-cylinder engine.

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Other delights, continued.

The Vega engine was designed to burn unleaded fuel. And because of its small bore (3.501 inches) and long stroke (3.625 inches) in combination with other things—like open-design combustion chambers—the pollutants in the exhaust are significantly reduced.

The overhead cam means one third fewer parts in the valve train. Fewer parts, less trouble.

And about that economy we mentioned earlier. In testing, Vega has been getting mileage in the same neighborhood as the best of them—and that's a pretty good neighborhood.

Overall, the Vega engine is something of a breakthrough.

Of course, the engine isn't the only thing that makes Vega such a great little car.

But that's another story.



MARK OF EXCELLENCE





Who's downstairs ringing your bell? A friend? Or the Boston Strangler?

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They're wise, all right. So if we want to stay healthy we've got to be even wiser—which is exactly what this ad is about.

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You can then pick up the phone, invite him up, and dial "6"—which electronically unlocks the downstairs door.

If you don't like what you see and hear you can quickly dial the superintendent. Or the police.

Right now, the Enterphone intercom is available from General Telephone throughout our entire system. Residential closed-circuit TV isn't. But we're working on it.

Hopefully, they'll both be standard equipment in all apartment buildings someday. And maybe in private homes, too.

Until they are, though—or until other security measures are found—we at General Telephone & Electronics would like to pass along a couple of rules to safeguard you and your family.

Rule No. 1: Don't open your door to anyone unless you know who it is.

Rule No. 2: Never, never break Rule No. 1.

General Telephone & Electronics

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Next week

SPEED TO BURN, BABY is the keynote of drag racing, the onetime outlaw sport that has now grown up to become respectable a portfolio on the hottest rodents of them all.

A BELLIGERENT MISFIT is Viking Joe Kapp's assessment of himself in Part 2. The position of quarterback, he says, is the natural refuge of the walking but physically undersized.

BASEBALL'S BIRD DOGS are vanishing and only a few remain, thanks to the draft. A reminiscence by Pat Jordan of the days when the game had romance—and romancers.

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SCORECARD

Edited by ROBERT CREAMER

DEADLY MERCURY

The latest and most frightening pollution problem has to do with mercury. Last week Alabama banned fishing in 51,000 acres of water, including the Tennessee River, and Governor Albert Brewer asked President Nixon to declare portions of the state federal disaster areas, all because of mercury in the water. Federal officials admitted that waters in at least 13 other states are also contaminated. In New York, authorities warned people against eating fish from either Lake Champlain or the St. Lawrence River. Canadian provinces barred fishing in a number of lakes. Some public water supplies on both sides of the border may be in peril.

Highly poisonous to living creatures, mercury is a heavy metal that can persist in the environment for years. Between 1953 and 1960, 110 people died or were disabled in Japan after eating fish caught in Minamata Bay, into which a plastics plant had been discharging mercury. A very slight amount can cause headaches and numbness, and not very much more can bring about impairment of speech and vision or even severe emotional disturbances. The expression "mad as a hatter" stems from the 19th century when a high incidence of hat-makers became mentally ill because of their continual contact with mercury used in treating felt.

The mercury in our waters appears to come from three major sources: 1) farmlands on which seeds and trees have been treated with mercury to prevent fungus, 2) chemical and plastic plants, 3) paper mills, which use mercury to inhibit the growth of slime in the process waters. In a way, the most shocking fact about the current mess is that its existence was not discovered by an anti-pollution official but by a Norwegian graduate student at the University of Western Ontario. The student, Norval Fimreite, found that pheasants and red-tailed hawks in Alberta were contaminated with mercury, so much so that

the provincial government has banned hunting. Fimreite then found that fish taken from Lake St. Clair, between Michigan and Ontario near Detroit, were also mercury-laden. It turned out that a chemical plant had been discharging 200 pounds of mercury a day into the lake. Then, and not until then, did public officials wake to the problem.

It makes you wonder just who the hell is minding the environmental store.

IT WAS EASY

Eddie Charlillo, a 58-year-old Cleveland-er, had a hole in one this spring on a local golf course. Ten years ago, in a local bowling alley, Eddie Charlillo rolled a 300 game. Pulling off a hole in one *and* a 300 game is a dream-of-glory parlay that for the weekend athlete ranks right up there with Bobby Jones' grand slam. "I'm sure it's been done before," Charlillo said modestly, and then added, "but I've never heard of anyone else who did it." Asked which was the more difficult, Charlillo said, "Oh, the 300, by far. On the hole in one you don't know what's happening. When you see the ball go in you just jump."

TAPE JOB

No matter who wins what this year, fans will be able to buy their heroes in action—or, at any rate, buy a record of the big moments of the season. Fleetwood Recording Co. of Revere, Mass. has made 14 such records, with *Goal Bruins* on top of the charts at the moment. That one, about Boston's Stanley Cup champions, seems likely to break the sales record of *The Impossible Dream*, a golden oldie about the Red Sox and their astonishing pennant victory in 1967.

Right now, Vincent Giarrusso of Fleetwood has his eye on baseball and has been collecting tapes on the Orioles, Tigers, Yankees and Twins in the American League and the Reds, Mets, Pirates, Cardinals and Cubs in the National. "We cover all possibilities," says partner Ray Semora. "We go through

miles of radio and TV tape in our editing—games, crowd stuff, locker rooms, the whole thing. Then we narrow things down to one team. During the Stanley Cup playoffs we'd file away the tapes of each team that was eliminated until only the Bruins were left. Five days after Bobby Orr scored that winning goal we were moving records."

There have been some bombs, Semora admits. Fleetwood followed the Baltimore Colts through an entire season to produce *Colt Stampede*. The company was as astounded as the Colts were by the 1969 Super Bowl and had to scramble to come up with *Super Jets*.

CAIRO WEST

Two hunters from Gadsden, Ala., sighted what they thought were two snow geese. Each got one. One of the hunters, Ralph Farrow, gave his to his brother Randy, who ate it. The other hunter, Rick McCallie, puzzled over the brilliant markings of the bird he had shot: pale buff color, wings of black and brown and iridescent green, with black and



white undersides. He knew it was no common fowl in Alabama, but, he said, "I had no idea how rare it was." At a meeting of Ducks Unlimited a visiting authority was unable to identify it. At long last the National Wildlife Museum in Washington came up with a positive identification: the bird was an Egyptian goose, *Alopochen aegyptiaca*. A doctor in Okeechobee, Fla. was known to have some in his private aviary, but his birds

continued



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SCORECARD

were still all there. Egyptian geese travel in pairs, roost in trees, and range from Egypt and Palestine to South Africa, these strayed migrants from the war zone, said McCallie, must have "wandered thousands of miles off course." They evidently loved well in Alabama. In Africa, Egyptian geese are said to be almost inedible, but Randy Farrow reported that the one he cooked was delicious.

HOT SO SOUR GRAPES

Now that he has lost the prize bauble, Maryland basketball Coach Lefty Driesell claims he wasn't all that disappointed at not getting Tom McMillen, the 6' 11" high school phenomenon who has decided to attend North Carolina. "I wasn't surprised by his decision," says Driesell. "I never did feel we had much chance of getting him to Maryland. He took a sort of 'keep away, leave me alone and let me make up my own mind' attitude, and I didn't get to talk to him more than two or three times. North Carolina had been working on him for years, so everybody else was pretty much at a disadvantage." Asked to compare McMillen with Lew Alcindor, Driesell says, "He'll score more points than Alcindor did in college, but he won't be the all-round player Lew was."

Even though he missed on McMillen, superrecruiter Driesell came up with four top prospects: Len Elnore and Japeth Trimble from Power Memorial in New York (Alcindor's old school), Mark Cartwright from Chicago and Rich Perac from Pittsburgh. So, Lefty has something left after all. Luke hopes for a national championship in a few years.

APPROPRIATE

Bill Butler of the Florida Department of Commerce turned in a neat 116 during a writers' golf outing in Florida the other day and managed to win the Callaway System tournament. His most impressive hole was the 12th, a 560-yard, uphill, doglegged, trap-guarded, tree-bordered par 5, which he did in 18. Lying 16, Bunker bent over a six-foot putt and muttered, "I've got to make it. I've never had more than a 17 on a hole in my life." Naturally, the ball rammed the hole and stayed out.

None of this would be particularly striking news for the duffers of the world except for a comment from Doc Griffin, who was playing in the same foursome,

"Bunker," said Giffin, "beats Steve Spray and L. V. Shunk in having the most appropriate built-in name for his golf style."

AMAZING

Bill Landers, who writes *The Webfoot Line*, an engaging monthly newsletter put out by the University of Oregon's athletic department, had this to say about one of the athletic fields at the school: "Howe Field is receiving a fantastic new covering as it enters the brave new world of the '70s. This new product has some amazing characteristics, not the least of which is its ability to regenerate itself, apparently indefinitely. The parts that are damaged or soiled can be cut off (a mechanical device has been developed to accomplish this task) and new parts automatically replace them. This new material is called 'Grass.' It is the same covering used by New York City in Central Park during the tourist season."

"In the base paths of the field a material called 'Dirt' has been used. It is rich brown in color and blends beautifully with the Grass. It is easy to smooth out between innings and when players slide on it the particles of the Dirt tend to roll along with the player, thus softening the abrasiveness of the slide. One slight drawback to Dirt is its tendency to become sticky and gummy when combined with water."

"Many people will be watching the Oregon experiment. If it proves to be practical, similar installations will undoubtedly spring up all over the country."

THEY SAID IT

- Bob Goalby 1968 Masters' champion, on golfers as athletes: "We drink too much. We live too good. I don't consider myself an athlete because I'm not in good shape. Arnie Palmer's not in good shape. Bob Murphy sits on a walking cane between shots. Julius Boros could be one hell of a player, but he's 20 pounds overweight and he doesn't want to fight it. Gary Player is an athlete. He works at it."
- Glenn Beckert, Chicago Cub second baseman, on the recent melee between the Cubs and the Pittsburgh Pirates: "I was down on the ground wrestling Richie Hebner. I finally grabbed his long hair and was pulling in one direction while somebody else was pulling the other way on his legs. He yelled, 'My moss, my moss, let go of my moss!'" **END**

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1968 U.S. OPEN CHAMPION

Trevino Tips

"Don't let sand trap you."

"Getting out of the sand can be as easy as getting in. Just play the ball off your right heel, instead of your left. Hit firmly through the sand, two or three inches behind the ball. And close your clubface so the toe of the club strikes the sand before the ball."

If you do hit the ball directly, you can bet on a good crack. Unless, of course, it's a solid Faultless. Because no matter how you hit it, a Faultless ball is practically indestructible. Which means the only time you'll have to replace it... is if you lose it."



Faultless Golf Products, Division of Abbott Laboratories, North Chicago, Illinois 60064

And the gloomy and yet intoxicating old ruins of the town called St. Andrews and on the golf course that held the first cleat, history and tradition were earned and flogged all last week in a musty thing called the British Open by a cast of modern hustlers and legends. It was as if the Wimpy and the Whippy had come to the Royal and Ancient, along with black-eyed peas and corn bread: as if, for a while, the oldest course were only a stroll through Carnaby Street. While Tony Jacklin shot the heather off the land, Lee Trevino shot down a prime minister. And then while Jack Nicklaus played himself into the immortality of the record books, the lord of night life, Sir Douglas Sanders, played himself back from nowhere and into the hearts of those who savor the three-piece, phone-booth golf swing.

It was one of the most thrilling major championships that had been staged in years, one that suffocated in all kinds of atmosphere. It had overtones of America against the world, elements of the best and worst of shoptalking, ghostly pressure, enormous crowds, a buffet of seaside weather, the purity of British humor, the suspense of overgame—all of these things—until it was mercifully concluded by Jack Nicklaus' rendezvous with history.

There are three kinds of British Opens, all of them delightful and all of them distinctive. There is the one that is played in England at Lytham, where Jacklin won last year, or Hoylake or Birkdale, where it returns in 1971. Then there is the one that is played in Scotland, which is a little better, at Muirfield, Carnoustie or Troon. And finally there is the British Open that is played at St. Andrews every so often, like last week's. This, indeed, is the British Open.

The fact that the 99th British Open was being held at St. Andrews, the birthplace of golf, had been largely responsible for luring the strongest field of Americans in the history of the event. Aside from the three who finally settled it—Nicklaus, Sanders, and Trevino—there were Arnold Palmer, of course, and Bert Yancey, Dave Marr, Miller Barber, Raymond Floyd, Dale Douglass, Orville Moody, Billy Casper, Tommy Aaron, Gay Brewer, Tommy Shaw, Tom Weiskopf and Steve Melynk, the amateur champion. Why even more Amer-

icans didn't make it was a mystery. (Trevino, it would seem to be given a professional's education, is said, the Old Course, once, at least, to have been blown over by wind and whips, and to have been blown over the Beards, to have been blown over history.)

All week long the Americans who came were enthralled by the Scottish sophistication in golf. When they weren't glancing around pointing out loquacious hazards to each other, they were listening for marvelous laces. Dave Marr plunging into the lore of the place, waggled an eight-iron and asked his caddy one day if the shot was a hard eight or a soft eight to the green.

"Just the true value of the club, sir," the caddy said.

When Tony Jacklin had completed the grandest 10 holes in the history of major championships in other words when he was eight under par through 10 holes on Wednesday—a couple of weathery old Scots, a man and woman sitting in the stands behind the 11th green, were not so dazzled. Jacklin's tee shot there are up the flag, but it sailed 30 feet beyond the cup.

"A bit long," said the lady.

"Right on the stick, though," the man said.

"Well," the lady said, "that's half the game, isn't it?"

In terms of crusty sophistication it was almost unbelievable the way the British Open began at St. Andrews. In contrast to the U.S. Open, which has at least a touch of ceremony to it, the British Open begins more like a starter sending off the first two weeks of any week-day. Everybody stands around quietly; an old gentleman moves the tee markers back about three feet; an aging steward empties out the trash in the tee box, somebody coughs. Finally, the starter looks at one of the two unknowns and says, "Your honor, I believe." And the game is on.

The first day the field caught the Old Course in a calm, with the greens slanted down by constant watering, and turned it into a shambles. It was a giddy day for Great Britain as all sorts of British subjects wrecked par. Neil Clev, for example, shot a record seven-under 65, largely due to the holing out of some enormous punts, plus a nine-iron for an eagle. But all day the big throngs had

VIRTUE IN THE VALLEY OF SIN

Despite a plotting touch that abandoned him at times, Jack Nicklaus hung on to win his second British Open title last week, conquering Doug Sanders in a playoff and St. Andrews' Old Course in a breeze

by DAN JENKINS

Nicklaus and Sanders react painfully to missed putts on the last hole Saturday, either of which would have won the Open. Below, they contemplate Sunday.

Continued





been waiting for their hero, Tony Jacklin, the handsome, friendly little man who had won the U.S. Open and who had been made a bookmaking favorite at St. Andrews. The wait was well worth it, for Tony promptly launched into a memorable afternoon of golf, birdieing the first three holes with wedge shots, two-putting for a birdie at the 5th, running an eight-iron off the lip of a bunker at the 7th up to within six feet of the pin for another birdie and then holing out a wedge from 100 yards for an eagle at the 9th. On the 10th he wedged up again to within six feet and dropped this putt. The total at that point showed 29 on the front side, eight under par, with only 13 putts in 10 holes.

But then, after Jacklin had sliced a four-wood into the bushes on the par-5 14th, a sudden raucous storm swept over the course. Actual rivers washed across the greens and, after a hurried conference, officials called a halt to play. While some Americans argued rather heatedly that the whole first round should be scrubbed—that the R and A had made up a "Jacklin rule," or a "British rule," so all those low scores would stand—the fact was that more than two-thirds of the field was in and it was clearly written in the R and A rules (also in the USGA rules, by the way) that a round can be abandoned when a course is deemed unplayable and play can be continued at the point of progress on a subsequent day.

As it turned out, Tony would have been better off playing through the lightning and rivers. For one thing, he had to worry for 12 hours over an unplayable lie in the rough on the 14th, those waist-high shrubs to become known ever after as "Tony's Whims." The lie was 40 yards from the green, just down the hill from Hell Bunker.

There was a lot of joking about how on Thursday morning there might not be a bush there, and Tony would have a clear shot. And about how some British writer would surely have a front-page story headlined: *I GUARDED TONY'S DROP AREA THROUGH THE NIGHT*. History would note that Jacklin marked the lie with two tees, and put the ball, a Dunlop 1, in his golf bag

and went home. The ball slept well, if Jacklin didn't.

He arrived at 7:15 the next morning, promptly announced that he would take a penalty for an unplayable lie, dropped the ball about 25 yards behind the bushes and played a nice shot onto the green some 12 feet from the hole. When that putt failed to drop, his luck was gone, and he wound up losing the title by the three strokes he had slept on.

Then, for a while, the lead had belonged to Lee Trevino. The second day had seen him move ahead with his second 68, a stroke in front of Jacklin and Nicklaus. Trevino was the only player besides Jacklin the crowd seemed to warm to. He loved it and they loved it. His big moment actually came during Friday's third round. On the first tee Lee was introduced to Prime Minister Edward Heath. Trevino grinned and said, "Ever shake hands with a Mexican?" The R and A building, along with the prime minister, gently swayed with laughter.

Lee probably beat himself on Saturday with a colossal boner, or at least he went a long way toward it. At the 5th hole he faced an iron at the wrong flag on the huge double green, leaving himself about 80 feet from the right one, and he three-putted for a bogey at a time when Nicklaus and Sanders were moving away. The moment he hit the approach shot, he slapped himself in the forehead, like one of the Three Stooges, and said, "I done hit to the wrong stick." Then he said, "And I'm just dumb enough to have done it, too."

From then on the championship alternately belonged to Nicklaus or Sanders. Nicklaus played splendidly enough on Saturday to have won two British Opens and a Pensacola thrown in. It was a day when the wind blew up to 50 mph. As somebody said, they must have sent to Carouselle for the wind machine. In any case, the Old Course was a violent place, and 73 was like four under.

Nicklaus was striking the ball about as well as anyone ever saw him do it, but he left it on the greens with five three-putts, missing several times from inside eight feet. One of these came on the 18th, where he rolled his drive through the Valley of Sin as if he were going for old Tom Morris' grave across town and then missed a putt coming back.

It all came down to Sanders then, and whether he could par the last two

holes. With one of the great bunker shots of our time, he survived 17, the Road Hole. But with one of the worst wedges of our time, he got a hunch in the heart at 18 and put himself on the back of the green. Then he jerked up on a 26-inch putt that would have won it.

"Good God," Arnold Palmer said to Doug later. "Putch and run is your game. What were you doing out there?"

"I just don't know," said Sanders.

It may long be said that Nicklaus made the finest putt of his life Sunday on the final hole of the playoff, where he slammed a howling monster of a shot that carried over Granny Clark's Wynd, the little road that crosses the course, and blazed up to the high grass behind the green, merely 370 yards.

Sanders had crept up from four strokes behind in the last four holes and now was within one sinister stroke. No one could ever know how he had done it. He was just a nervy veteran hanging on with some kind of instinct. Sanders took out a four-iron and hit a run-up shot through the Valley of Sin that he should have hit on Saturday, within four feet of the cup. And so it was up to Jack. He came out of the tough, high grass with about as gutsy a wedge shot as one will ever see and left himself an eight-footer for the whole thing. With the patience only Nicklaus can display, with the confidence of a man who felt the championship truly belonged to him, he jammed it in. Two nights before, Gay Brewer had said, "Jack's in the mood to win. You can tell by the way he swings that he's ready. And when he's ready, it's all over." It was all over now.

For you history fans, it was Jack's 10th major championship in a career that, if it continues, can drown all the records of the Bobby Joneses and Walter Hagens for all time. Let's see: two British Opens to go along with his two U.S. Opens, his two U.S. Amateurs, his PGA and his three Masters titles. Only Jones (12) and Hagen (11) have won more. And Jack doesn't look like he's nearing retirement.

The British were happy in the end, one felt. Considering the exciting prospects of the four big challengers going at it in the fourth round—Nicklaus, Jacklin, Trevino and Sanders—one old Scot had said, "Quite a show coming up, it appears, but whatever happens, we want a proper champion, don't we?"

Would Jack Nicklaus do? **END**

Tony Jacklin, bunkered, sees victory slipping away. Below, Trevino maintains his grip for a handshake with British Prime Minister Heath.

BOX? BAR OF SOAP? NO, IT'S A CAR

They all laughed when Jim Hall unloaded his vacuum-cleaner racer. But the monster may be the Can-Am design of the future **by BROCK YATES**

When more bizarre racing cars are built Jim Hall probably will build them. Operating from his Midland, Texas headquarters, this brilliant, millionaire designer-driver has maintained his position in the vanguard of far-out car creators ever since he built his first sports-racing Chaparral nearly a decade ago. He was the first man to effectively stuff a large domestic power plant into a lightweight rear-engine chassis; the first to build an all-plastic racing car; the first to perfect an automatic transmission for competition; and the first to employ a wing, or airfoil, for road-racing application. What's more, his innovations have worked.

This past weekend, away off in western New York, Hall took another quantum design leap forward when he arrived for the Watkins Glen Canadian-American Challenge Cup with a machine that left the racing gentry shaking their heads in disbelief. Tradition demands that racing cars be sleek and willowy, hug-

ging the ground like crouched felines. Hall's Chaparral 2J looks as if somebody had carved it out of a giant block of soap. It represents all of the glamour and beauty to be found in the average mobile home. But Hall is an engineer, not a stylist, and the 2J's ugliness is an embodiment of that old adage about form following function. After a mere 19 laps of practice in the car, world driving champion Jackie Stewart motored around the 2.3-mile Glen circuit at 130.19 mph, within one second of the absolute lap record, and climbed out to proclaim, in his thickest Scottish brogue, that the 2J "has more adhesion to the road than any car I've ever driven."

Despite the Chaparral's potential, it did not win its racing debut. But it did produce one indication that this could be the start of something big: it ran the fastest lap in the race, a fine 125.8 mph turn. Otherwise, the Can-Am simply produced another easy victory for the McLaren team—its 16th in succession. Stewart

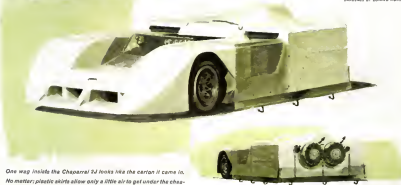
had started third on the grid (he had qualified the white monster at 103.69 mph), behind Denis Hulme and Dan Gurney. And he motored around in that same position for 14 laps before vacuum problems forced him back to the pits.

Stewart climbed out of the cavernous cockpit to announce that the revolutionary suction system had not been working properly from the start and to claim that he could have led the race easily if it had been operating at full efficiency. After 29 minutes of fiddling by the Chaparral mechanics he tried again for eight laps, then quit for good.

Stewart was boarding an airplane in nearby Elmira, bound for New York, when Hulme's pumpkin-colored McLaren took the checkered flag 28.5 seconds ahead of Jo Siffert's Porsche 917. There was little jubilation among the Hall team, in spite of Stewart's one quick burst, but the result seemed clear: with more development and improved reliability, the 2J may become the fastest car in Can-Am history.

The key to the 2J's auspicious debut lies in a pair of fans mounted in the back of the car. These devices turn the machine into a giant vacuum cleaner that literally sucks away at the road surface, keeping the wheels glued to the ground. The vacuum is held by a set of wraparound skirts made of a sturdy, space-age plastic. As racing-car speeds have rocketed in recent years, a major problem of tire adhesion has arisen: at

DRAGGING BY DONALD ROSS



One way inside the Chaparral 2J looks like the carton it came in. No matter; plastic skirts allow only a little air to get under the chassis, and big rear fans blow that out, thus holding the car down.



At trackside: Inventor Hall, Racer Stewart.

200 mph, rakish, pointy-nosed automobiles begin to act like airplanes. They yearn for flight. To keep them stuck to the surface of the earth, spoilers have been mounted to break up the airflow, tires as wide as steamrollers have been added and, behind Hall's design thrust, reversed airfoils, or wings, have been bolted on above the hodies to exert a negative down force on the wheels. But all these components interrupt the airflow, cutting speed, and for a number of years racing-car designers have been seeking a setup that would keep the car firmly in contact with the road while not causing a reduction in the ability to go fast.

The 2J may be the answer. With its two fans (driven by a two-cylinder snowmobile engine) whirring away, the Chaparral 2J—complete with its arcane gadgetry—is, in fact, the raw material from which automobile racing revolutions are created.

Jackie Stewart will return to the Can-Am wars when breaks in his Grand Prix schedule permit, and the future looks bright. "Don't forget," cautions Hall, "a car of this type has a slight disadvantage on long straightaways. Its strength lies in cornering and braking. Yet Watkins Glen is a very fast circuit, without many corners. When we get to some slower tracks the true advantage of this system will become really apparent."

referred to in engineering terms as "ground effect"—or the fact that suction is used as a substitute for all that heavy superstructure.

"The entire concept of the 2J started in casual conversation about a year and a half ago," said Hall, 34, as he leaned his tank, Texas cowboy frame against a toolbox in the Watkins Glen garage area. "We were discussing the kinds of racing-car designs that could reduce lap speeds in a revolutionary sense. You know, evolutionary development of an existing car can bring about a two or three percent reduction a year, but we were talking about a startling reduction, like 10 or 20 percent, and in that context the ground-effect thing made sense."

Hall and his tightly organized, abundantly talented crew at Chaparral Cars, Inc. followed up the conversation with a prototype machine that was running last fall on their own secret desert test track, known as Rattlesnake Raceway. The initial tests were highly encouraging, but then a waterline broke and Hall—who was in the cockpit during a trial run—was burned and the program interrupted. It was his second serious accident within a year, the first being a near-fatal flip in Las Vegas during the 1968 Can-Am season, and the development of the Vacuum Cleaner, as the 2J was labeled, was slowed down until Hall's burns healed. "I decided I was going ahead with the thing come hell or high water. We redesigned it a couple of times, and now we know the capability is there for that startling reduction in lap time I was talking about," he says.

To achieve that capability, Hall sought the services of the man correctly acknowledged to be the best road-racing driver in the world. The man is Jackie Stewart, whose poise and professionalism on and off the racetrack are becoming legendary. A thoroughly plugged-in guy in the modern idiom, Stewart was an obvious choice for a spearhead design like the Chaparral.

Stewart arrived early at Watkins Glen, gorgeously decked out in the fracks clothes and shoulder-length hair that have earned him more cachets with young fans around the world than any other driver in the business, and waited a full day before the Vacuum Cleaner could be readied for a test drive. He took six laps, steering the great white box tentatively around the circuit at

modest speeds. "It feels glued to the road. There is no sensation of sideward motion whatsoever," he said after the trip. Another half-dozen laps two days before the race and he had the machine within whiskers of the times being clocked by Gurney and Hulme in the indomitable McLaren. The only apparent flaw in the 2J was its eagerness to carpet-sweep right along and whisk the track clean of loose stones and gulp them into its sensitive network of fans, but that problem was solved by the installation of a filter screen.

Charity about other people's cars is hardly a tradition among the racing crowd, and much of the post-race comment was restricted to grudging compliments about the Chaparral's brief flurry of speed—and bad puns about Hall "tracing his car in the box it came in." Lola-Chevy Driver Peter Revson, who followed the 2J in fourth place during the early stages of the race, said, "It was hard to see anything exceptional about it except the driver. Stewart did a fantastic job, because that thing was all over the road." Winner Hulme noted condescendingly that he knew little about the 2J because he "was never behind it on the track." Then he shrugged, "It may be all right in time."

But Tyler Alexander, the chief mechanic on Hulme's McLaren team, summed up most of the opposition's reaction—and latent fear of the Chaparral's potential—when he said, "I hope the car doesn't get going any quicker, so I don't have to go back home and build one like it."

Stewart and Hall left the green hummocks of western New York having learned what they sought to learn: the Chaparral 2J—complete with its arcane gadgetry—is, in fact, the raw material from which automobile racing revolutions are created.

Jackie Stewart will return to the Can-Am wars when breaks in his Grand Prix schedule permit, and the future looks bright. "Don't forget," cautions Hall, "a car of this type has a slight disadvantage on long straightaways. Its strength lies in cornering and braking. Yet Watkins Glen is a very fast circuit, without many corners. When we get to some slower tracks the true advantage of this system will become really apparent."

Take heart, Electrolux fans, the Chaparral lives.

END



ZUT! WE NEARLY GOT GUILLOTINED

Starting a tour of Europe, a fat and sassy U.S. track team showed up in Paris expecting a laughter. Instead they ran into a French team that acted as though it had been eating jackrabbits instead of snails **by PAT PUTNAM**

The French track team? Poof! A breeze, man; no more competitive than a lighthearted stroll down the Champs Élysées, and if the French get so much as a second in *anything* it's got to be an upset. No wonder the French eat snails. It's the only thing they can outrun. This is going to be like stealing *foie gras* from a *bebe*, and if the U.S. team, fresh from the AAU championships, is a trifle fat and sassy, well, so what? With those big meets coming up with West Germany and Russia, who can blame the Americans for not getting psyched up over a light workout in Paris with the Little Sisters of the Poor? Just get the kinks out of your muscles, fellows, and for God's sake, when you are snaking them out of the stadium, smile and be gracious. Well, Lafayette, we are here again, and while it's not what you had in mind, at least the AAU officials, with their tunnel vision, have softened the thunderous blow we are about to strike.

Alti, the French. All last week the Paris newspapers gloomily predicted that the powerful U.S. team would win by the length of the Seine. Another Waterloo at the least. Nobody beats American runners. As the French say, *zut!* To hell with it!

"To hell with nothing," muttered George Frenn, the U.S. hammer champion, as he paced the Champs Élysées on Tuesday, the day before the meet

would begin. When he reached the Arc de Triomphe, Napoleon's massive tribute to himself and his armies, Frenn paused, ignoring the fall of a fine Gallic rain as he studied the glorious four-legged monument. "I wonder how much that rock weighs?" he wondered. He shook his head and grimaced. "I'll tell you something: tomorrow, unless this team does better than I think, the French are going to drop that thing right on our heads."

"But, George," said a friend. "This is only a tune-up. You can't be serious. The French?"

"Listen, they'll be so high they'll be able to float over that erector set of theirs."

"The Eiffel Tower?"

"Yeah. And what we've got is a team of babies, young guys without any international experience. Ninety percent are making their first trip. And look at the schedule. All the meets are in the middle of the week. That really fouls up everything. We're all geared for Saturday competition. Our training is set up that way. My event is on Thursday. I have to make believe it's Saturday. Then Friday is Sunday, a day of rest. Then you have to train over the weekend. Crazy. I don't know who made up the schedule, but damn!"

The team arrived the Sunday before the meet minus many of its stars. Among the missing were Bob Seagrön, Marty

Laquori and Lee Evans. Also Charlie Greene, Randy Matson and Russ Hodge. They wanted to compete but had requested to travel on their own, showing up only for the meets. The rest of the time most of them would compete in other track meets scattered around Europe with all expenses covered. The AAU gives its athletes room and board plus \$2 a day. Giving an athlete \$2 a day in Paris is like sending a kid to Coney Island with a nickel in his pocket. "Two bucks. Won't even cover my laundry," said Frenn.

The AAU was outraged, of course. It takes all its athletes in a tight little bunch, right under its fat thumb. If the AAU, breathing piou piou, can't cut a piece of the cake, then go without dessert. Most of the burned athletes didn't learn of their exile until after they landed in Europe and telephoned Paris for instructions. Stayaway, they were told. "You're kidding," Hodge reportedly said by phone from Milan, Italy. He is American's top decathlete, and there is no decathlon until the Russian meet. "You expect me to sit around a hotel with the team for three weeks and then compete? When I can be competing in other meets and staying in top shape?" Hodge hung up.

Evans wasn't so lucky. He had gone to Oslo, Norway to work with a secondary-education group to pick up credits toward his master's degree. Using

Jean-Claude Nallet scores the first French upset by beating Ralph Mann in the hurdles.

that as a base, he ran in meets in Zurich, Milan and Berlin: then, paying his own way, he came to Paris to join the U.S. team. He was told he might as well go back to Oslo. They wouldn't even let the Olympic champion eat at the training table.

Evans was stunned. "I told the AAU my plans two months ago and everything then was fine. I've got a letter from a top AAU official, Ollian Cassell, saying he was glad I had changed my mind and decided I would compete with the team. And in the letter was a permit for me to compete in other European meets."

AAU officials now contend that such permits were intended for use after the three U.S. team meets. Apparently there is a new rule that athletes must travel with the team at all times. The rule is so new, in fact, that no one had ever heard of it.

Still, the U.S. team had some fine young athletes replacing the ones barred, and when it marched into the spacious and very pretty Olympic Stadium in Paris on Wednesday night it was with a jaunty step. It was time to hone the blades for the big meets. The first to the whistle was Ralph Mann, the world record holder in the 440 hurdles. A breeze, baby. And then the French rolled out their first guillotine, Jean-Claude Nallet, a 400-meter dashman running the hurdles for only the fourth time and the very first against serious competition. So far his best time was only 50.4. He won in 48.6, with Mann shocked and second in 49.5. Ron Whitney, the other American, ran fourth and last, and on a 5-3-2-1-scoring basis the French led 7-4.

"I guess you could say I was overconfident," said Mann with a sigh. "I figured all I had to do was to go out and work the kinks out of my legs. Just a good workout. But that Nallet. When we hit the 220 mark I knew I was in trouble. We were even, and with the stagger that meant he had a four-yard lead. Then he outran me in the stretch. Nobody has ever done that before. But how can you get excited about a guy who's only done a 50.4? The whole French team went crazy that night."

Very crazy. After the 400 hurdles, the French wiped out the Americans in the

100-meter dash and the steeplechase, running 1-3 in each, and *ouli!* they led 21-12. And in the field events they were leading in the shotput and the long jump, and Ralph Boston, the ex-Olympian now a TV sportscaster, was walking around muttering, "Terrible. It's terrible. They just don't make our guys out of the same mold anymore. There's no way this French team could beat any of the teams I was on."

Before the first night ended, the French won the shotput and the long jump and the 5,000 meters—and, unbelievably, the 400-meter relay when the last two Americans fouled up horribly on the hand-off. The winner of the shotput was the senior member of the French team, Pierre Colnard, a 41-year-old army sergeant who fought four years in Vietnam (no, not this war, the previous one). "I was vicious out there," Colnard said after his toss of 64'7½". "It gives me a lot of pleasure to beat the Americans."

Out of 10 events the U.S. won just three, but those were one-two sweeps and that held the French team's first-day lead to 56-50. Ken Swenson and Mark Winemried finished one-two in the 800 meters, John Powell and Rich Drescher one-two in the discus, and Sam Caruthers (17'2¾") and Paul Hegler one-two in the pole vault.

"We all kind of looked on this as just another meet," said Winemried, "but the French were really out of their minds. When they beat us in the sprints they began believing they could beat us in anything. I kind of think our guys who are competing tomorrow will

come in with a different attitude."

To make sure, LeRoy Walker, the American coach, called a midnight meeting. "Some of our guys weren't showing up at the victory stand to shake hands when they lost. The French complained. I just told them to get up there no matter what."

"And they had a lot of extra rules on us," said John Smith, the AAU 440 champion. "Like no extra people on the bus. That we should stay away from other people. That's all I needed, a lot of rules at midnight."

But the meeting had its effect on the U.S. team the next day. The Americans arrived at the field grim and primed. This wasn't a workout anymore. Let the Germans and the Russians wait. Thomas Hill and Marcus Walker began the overdue assault, sweeping the 110-meter hurdles. Then Wayne Collett and Smith—against Nallet—ran one-two in the 400 meters, and Roger Collins and Bill Skinner finished one-two in the javelin. Nobody was strolling the Champs Elysees now. Howell Michael and Jere Van Dyke swept the 1,500 meters, Willie Turner and Ben Vaughan the 200 meters, Barry Shepard and Reynaldo Brown the high jump.

The French sighed and died graciously. The 15,000 in the stands had come in happy anticipation of a total upset and Thursday night must have been painful, but they were on their feet cheering each American victory as they had cheered their own. They screamed when Frenn screamed as he threw the hammer, and they cheered when he won. They had their moment when Frenchmen finished one-two in the triple jump, but that was all. And they weren't happy about the way Ken Moore won the 10,000-meter race. He ran last most of the way and then won easily with a smashing burst over the last 220 yards. Europeans claim it is unfair to let the front-runners set the pace and do all the work and then have somebody come blazing out of the wake to win. The U.S. wrapped it up 117-94, with one final brilliant burst, winning the 1,500-meter relay by 30 yards.

And so, with the kinks out of their muscles, the U.S. athletes packed and headed for Stuttgart and the meeting with West Germany. "I'm glad to be getting out of here," growled Frenn. "Them damn French hammer throwers were cheating."

END

Old Soldier Colnard wins shot for France.



FUNNY BALL, FUNNY BOUNCES

Everybody in baseball has theories about the "lively ball," but what laboratory tests show is mostly a startling lack of consistency. One may be a rabbit but the next is apt to be a dud **by HERMAN WEISKOPF**

It was not exactly the shot heard round the world; it was not even new. But Ted Williams said it and that meant, at least, that the battle again was joined.

"I know the ball is souped up," he said. "I asked Joe Cronin about it and he said, 'Oh, no, the ball's the same.'" The Washington manager's show of scorn was superb. He fell back full

force in his swivel chair and growled, "Yeeeah, sure it's the same."

In Houston, site of that temple of consistency, the Dome (temperature 72°, humidity 50°, wind zero, always), there were not so many growlers in evidence as there were people staring, wide-eyed. Suspicions were first aroused this season when the Astros' Doug Rader and

Jim Wynn fired shots down range about 475 feet and five levels up, the first ever to land in the distant yellow seats in left field. These were followed by a similar blast from the bat of Cincinnati rookie Benase Carbo to right field, the first time those seats ever came under attack. The real eyebrow-raiser was another Carbo homer, 440 feet out of center field. Carbo hit it one-handed.

Sparky Anderson, the Reds' manager, did not think that any lightning had been added to the ball, but he confessed bewilderment. "The Dome," he said, "has always been the truest test when a guy socks one, and what's going on there has me surprised." His massive coach, Ted Kluszewski, who hit a few long ones himself in his time, used to say that improved bats were responsible for the booming home runs. Dave Concepcion, the Reds' 155-pound shortstop, disabused him of that theory when he one-handed a ball 375 feet. It is the ball, Klu says now.

The stories are not limited to Houston or the Reds. Nate Colbert of the San Diego Padres hurt his hand hitting a fly ball and was talking to himself as he jogged toward first base. Then, he says, "I heard some commotion. I looked up. The ball was in the seats." Little Luis Aparicio of the White Sox hit one with one hand, and Hal Lanier of the Giants had a 430-foot homer after having gone 0 for 3 (years, that is). National Leaguers hit 30 home runs seven games on May 8, a record, and two days later both leagues added 46 in 14 games, another record.

To find out how alarmed, if at all, major-leaguers had become over the sudden fierceness of bango hitters, *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* polled the players, managers and coaches about the ball with the following results: 300 said the ball was firmer, 182 said it was not and 23 were not sure what it was doing.

Carl Yastrzemski of the Red Sox, who in mid-May hit a ball 480 feet, said, "Listen, today's athletic is better and stronger." But Lee Walburn, public-relations



BEFORE AND AFTER views of three baseballs examined at The Haller Testing Laboratories show one intact, one cut in half, one anatomized. Just how complex the ball it can be seen from its component parts: a horseshoe cover

(lower left); four types of yarn (center); coated with latex cement and the cork (top), which consists of a pink rubber ball on the left that surrounds the two black rubber halves on the right, which, in turn, house the cork in the middle.

director for the Braves, who had played baseball in college, tried vainly for four years to hit a ball over the wall in Atlanta during batting practice. One day this season he hit two out of the park and four others that reached the outfield fence. Maybe today's public-relations directors are better and stronger.

"I think we're using two balls," said Charley Lau, a coach with Oakland, who demonstrated by holding a 1969 and 1970 ball in his hands and telling them apart, blindfolded.

"I definitely think there are two balls being used and that one is leveler," said Manager Al Dark of the Indians. "I'll bet there'll be 500 more homers this year than last." (With half of the season gone, there are 217 more.)

"What bothers me most," said Williams, "is that one day you use the new ball and the next day they bring out last year's ball. Sometimes they even mix 'em up in the same game. That doesn't make sense. I've seen enough hits that should be hump-back line drives go out of the park not to know there isn't a difference.

"We cut some balls apart—old ones and new ones—and this year's ball wanted to explode. I think it's the wool. What else can cause a ball to swell up like that? Maybe not more wool, but different wool. I'll bet that's what it is. Trouble is, baseballs aren't finely tuned. They're different. When I played, sometimes you'd hit one that really took off and another time you'd hit one that felt good and it wouldn't go anywhere.

"This spring we never found any such thing as a 'soft' ball, but yesterday I came across a batch so soft I couldn't believe it. I was shocked. Feel this ball. Squeeze it." Moderate fingertip pressure moved the cover of the ball. "Now feel this ball," Williams ordered, taking one from another batch. "Bear down on it. It's hard as a brick, right?"

Hoyt Wilhelm of the Braves dissected some balls, too, some a few years old and some brand-new. "The ball is harder now," he said. "Old balls are not wound as tight and you can unwind them a thread at a time. The ones today have a rubbery glue inside. You can't unwind them, but you can peel off the glue and ball is up in your hand.

"We get a lot of balls thrown to us in the bullpen after they've been hit hard or for homers. There was a time not long ago when you could see where the

bat had hit the ball. It wasn't unusual to get a ball that had been knocked one-sided. Today you never see that. There was a time when some pitchers could loosen the covers, but nobody can loosen them now."

Other players and coaches conducted their own experiments. Some said they saw glue oozing out of the seams. Some noticed balls that were only, hard, soft, heavy, light, small, medium and large. There were numerous complaints about the stitching, that it was raised on some balls and almost hammered down on others.

Through it all, A. G. Spalding & Bros. Inc., which has the sole right to make major league baseballs, has maintained, "The ball is the same as it was 40 years ago," Bill Sovey, vice-president in charge of manufacturing at the Spalding plant in Chicopee, Mass., said. "When hitters are hitting, people complain that the ball must be hopped-up. When pitchers dominate, people say the ball must be dead. We make about 30,000 dozen balls a year for the major leagues. We constantly check weight and circumference. Our contract with the leagues specifies what the ball is to be made of and we conduct in-process inspections of balls as well as of incoming materials. All parts of the ball are the same since the cushioned-cork center was adopted in 1926."

Maybe so. But in 1961 a study commissioned by SPORTS ILLUSTRATED reported that the balls tested that year were "heavier, bouncier, firmer" than balls that had been examined in other tests eight years earlier. And in 1963 The Haller Testing Laboratories of Plainfield, N.J. reported to SPORTS ILLUSTRATED that the major league baseballs it bounced and pummeled that year were 5" deader and considerably lighter than those of 1961.

Recently, Haller conducted new and more extensive tests for this magazine. A total of 102 balls—51 from each league—was obtained from big-league teams' supplies of game balls. The balls were weighed, measured, bounced (to study the liveliness of their rebound), bisected, unraveled, X-rayed, baked and wetted down. The tests all boiled down to one fact: if there is anything consistent about a major league baseball, it is its inconsistency. In all of the ball sports, there probably is no piece of equipment as complicated to manufac-

continued



GRIPPING ball after hit from a specific height onto an iron plate tested rebounding

ture or as far-ranging in its performance as the baseball. The variation in liveliness of the balls studied was astonishing—14.5% between the dulllest and friskiest. In terms of distance, with all other factors being equal, this could mean a difference of 58 feet (on a 400-foot drive) between a lively and a dull ball.

Concern over the low-scoring 1968 season led the majors to ask Spalding to make a peppier ball for experimental purposes. The result was the I-X with, supposedly, 10% more bounce than the "regular" ball. The added 10% nearly turned the I-X into a lethal weapon. It was replaced this spring with the X-5, 5% more lively than what Spalding described as "the good old ball that hasn't changed since 1926." Even that small increase was too much and the X-5 was abandoned. There is no chance, incidentally, that the experimental balls were somehow mixed into batches of regular balls. They were stitched with red and blue cord; all regulars are red.

Spalding will not say how it made the I-X or X-5, other than to admit the cores were rebuilt. According to the company, all balls are made of identical components: the core, consisting of a cork center surrounded by two black rubber halves encased in pink rubber; a mid-section, composed of 369 yards of four different types of cotton and wool; a coating of cement; and a horsehide shell, held together by 108 stitches. Machines do all of the work except for the stitching and the moldering of the core.

For all of the precision of the manufacturing process, there were remarkable physical differences in the 102 balls tested this season by Haller. There was a 9% difference between the heaviest and lightest balls, three of which were too light by league standards, 21 of which were too heavy. The cores of 15 balls—five low, five medium and five high rebounders—were weighed. The difference in weight between the lightest and heaviest cores was even greater than for the whole ball, 13%. This discrepancy, however, did not seem to have a significant effect on the bounce of the ball. There was a mere 1 10th-grain average difference in weight between the cores of the highest and lowest bouncers.

Deviations in the thickness of the pink rubber were plainly visible when balls were cut in half, with that layer being thin in some spots and almost 50% thicker in others. Also discernible on the outside of one pink section was a long, bulky, crinkly protuberance that somehow passed "in-process" inspection.

As a number of big-leaguers noticed, glue was almost nonexistent on older balls (1967-68) that were examined along with the 102 new balls. Some of the 1970 balls have a layer of cement so thick that it can be peeled off in halves like skins from oranges. Dave Antes, who was in charge of the tests made by Haller Laboratories, says, "There was no uniform layer of glue on the balls. The glue impregnated the ball to different thicknesses. On some balls there

was as much as a quarter inch of glue. When peeling off this sublayer, much of the yarn came off with the glue on some balls while on others very little stuck fast." Antes spotted something else that might help explain why some balls are a bit livelier than others. "On six of the first nine 1969 balls there was no glue on the outside of the core," he said. "All six of the 1970 balls had glue on the core."

In other tests, the balls were measured for diameter, examined for compression, density and specific gravity and X-rayed. There was less contrast in diameter than in any other area of testing, and the balls also held up well under compression tests. Haller found, too, that balls baked in a 212° oven for 24 hours lost 12 grams and gained 5.8% in vigor. Thus a ball that might normally be hit 400 feet would travel an extra 23 feet. Subjecting balls to excessive humidity—24 hours in a steam-filled "moist room"—caused them to pick up 11 grams and lose 17.4% of their bounce—or 70 feet. This is why baseballs "carry" better or worse in certain ball parks.

Paul Richards, general manager of the Braves, recalls a somewhat similar experiment about 10 years ago when he was manager of the Orioles. "We had a pregame home run-hitting contest against the Yankees," Richards says. "Luman Harris heated up one batch of balls and froze another. Mickey Mantle didn't know it, but he had to swing at the frozen ones. He hit nothing but pop-ups. Then up comes Gus Triandos for us and he gets the hot balls. He hit them out of sight."

Spalding is aware of the effect temperature and humidity can have on balls, and controls both during manufacture and storage. There are no controls, however, once the balls leave the factory—and it is often six to seven months later that the balls are used. They are not tested in any way before a game nor is their date of manufacture stamped on them. Most clubs buy from 150 to 300 dozen at a time (which, at 10 dozen per day, is a one to two months' supply) and keep them in a wide variety of storage crannies. Before the game, five dozen balls are taken to the umpires' room, where they are rubbed with a special dried mud and placed in a ball bag. A determined man no doubt could intrude himself into the process and substitute

continued



VARIATIONS in the thickness of different elements that make up the ball, which can be seen when the sphere is cut in two, create subtle but detectable imbalances from one ball to the next.

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a batch of hot balls, but there is no evidence that this has ever happened. And since all balls get mixed together in the ball bag, which is kept on the field, it would be impossible, without marked balls and the connivance of the plate umpire, to slip the lively balls to one team and the duds to another.

Baseball's protestations to the contrary—and few officials ever admit that the quality of the ball has been changed, purposely or not—the ball has been livened and deadened in the past with direct effects on the season. In 1953, for instance, the ball was found to be 8', more lively than in the previous season, and there was an 18% increase in home runs. In 1931, by contrast, the National League voted to deaden the ball, which apparently had been hyperactive in previous seasons; the league batting average declined 26 points and the number of home runs hit was almost half the 1930 figure.

The late Fresno Thompson of the Dodgers, a member of the rules committee, said 16 years ago, "We have had considerable doubttalk from the manufacturers as to the composition of the baseball and its resiliency." It was not until 1951—after a then-record 2,073 homers the year before—that it finally was written into Rule 14, Section I that "The ball . . . shall meet approved resiliency standards." And it was not until 1955 that the rule stated, "The ball shall be a sphere." Change, except in the quality of the baseball, comes slowly in the sport.

Baseball Commissioner Bowie Kuhn insists that the ball being used in 1970 is the same as last year's, that all the balls undergo stringent testing and that they are uniform. Doubtless, since they say so, this is the way he and the Spoiling people would like things to be. But in this imperfect world, one does not always get what he wants. The Haller tests for bounce showed that about 36% of the balls examined were within one inch of the overall average of 8' 3". They would be considered consistent. But about 64% of the balls were inconsistent. The most consistent ball was the National League 1970 with only a .52% variation. The next most consistent was the 1969 NL ball (10.8'), the AL 1969 (10.9') was almost the same. The AL 1970 (12.1') was least consistent. Eleven of the highest-rebounding balls were from the American League, 13 of the low-

est rebounders were NL 1969, many of which are still in use. This does not mean that age dulls all balls, because seven of the 15 leading bouncers were manufactured in 1969. Finally, the average bounce of a 1970 ball in either league was three inches higher than its counterpart in 1969.

It is hard to believe that anybody purposely tampered with the baseball. But it is obvious that at certain times something does happen that cannot be ascribed merely to "cycles," a favorite baseball shibboleth. For instance, high humidity during a game will curtail the flight of batted balls, yet already this season there was an abundance of home runs in three doubleheaders despite humidity readings that ranged between 76° and 80°. On May 24 the Giants and Padres hit seven in Candlestick Park, the same day on which the Indians and Yankees had 11 in Cleveland. And on June 2 in Milwaukee, after an all-day drizzle, the Brewers and Indians hit seven. One possible solution to this paradoxical outburst, the umpires must have been handed some lively batches of balls on those days. In a day that prides itself on quality control and in a sport that loves to chorale out that timeless cliché, "it's a game of inches," there are some extraordinary variations in the ball.

And now an awful truth dawns in the age of love and hate and belief in simple things. Put aside those years when somebody may have just added a shot of glue to put some new life in the old horsehide. Take only a normal year, and then ask, was it normal? Was there ever a normal year or a normal baseball? What of Bobby Thomson's pennant-winning home run in 1951? Would it have gone into the seats if he had hit a dead-ball? This is not to say he did not hit a dead ball. He might have hit one, just as he might have hit a lively one. Did Al Weiss of the Mets get a lively ball when he homered in the seventh inning of the fifth game of last year's World Series to tie the score against the Orioles? And what about Gabby Hartnett's Homer in the Gloamin' that "vanished" in the twilight and helped give the Cubs the 1938 pennant?

It is better not to think of such things, or there will be no faith left anywhere. But, Baseball, isn't it time to open the doors at Chicopee and see, possibly, if you can't get more equal bounce to the ounce?

END



DELICATE TOUCH of this instrument, which is calibrated to 1/1,000th of an inch, measured variations in the diameter of the baseballs.



IMPLACABLE FORCE, building up to 100 pounds of pressure, helped test each baseball's resiliency and resistance to compression.

Gentle, fun-loving Joe Kapp says that fights just seem to come looking for him—but he admits he never backs down. That, adds the Viking quarterback in the first of three parts, is what Chicanos call 'machismo'

by JOE KAPP
with
JACK OLSEN

A MAN OF MACHISMO





Football is a kids' game, invented to give a lot of people a lot of fun. The minute a player loses sight of that fact, he's in trouble. Like the Minnesota Vikings in the Super Bowl. We forgot we were supposed to be enjoying ourselves out there. We forgot it was a kids' game, and we wound up playing in a redwood forest. Every time I looked up I could see those red tree trunks in front of me and on top of me and all around me. We didn't stay loose and have fun—in the traditional Viking way—and we played a poor game and they played a great one.

By having fun I don't mean goosing each other and telling dirty jokes in the huddle—although a little male humor doesn't hurt either. I mean doing your absolute best and enjoying it, because if you're doing your best you will be enjoying it. And if you're doing your best, then winning isn't so crucial. A football isn't round, and you don't always have control of whether you win or lose, but you do have control of your own effort and your own mind. If you can get enough ballplayers on your own club thinking this way, you can win anything.

I haven't missed many football games in my life, going all the way back to high school—like most pros, I've played with cracked ribs and a punctured lung and a torn knee and separated shoulder and half a dozen other injuries—and I've also never missed a postgame party. I've never missed the fun. I've known players who get a little injury and rush off to the hospital and don't make the party. Bull! Not me. I never missed one and I never intend to miss one. You play out there together and you win or lose together and you're all involved in this effort together and after the game you should party together.

Of course, there are certain players who will tell you that I never miss a party, period, and if they want to spread that propaganda, it's all right with me—mostly because it's true. I even showed up at the annual banquet of the Fellowship of Christian Athletes this year, at *their* invitation. At first I thought some terrible mistake had been made. Certainly I'm a Christian athlete, although I'm not exactly renowned for my piety. I was a little uneasy until I spotted Bobby Layne, the former quarterback, and then I felt like I belonged. And when I saw Dick Butkus, I really breathed easier. I went up to him and I said, "Whose ticket did you steal to get in?" and he said, "Why don't you go over in the corner and leave us humans alone?" Mutual respect, that's what we have. When people ask me if Butkus is the best linebacker I've faced, I won't answer. I hate to single out individual opponents. In the pro game, they're all good. I won't even vote for an all-opponent team. I rap the ballouts up. They're all good. I'll bet you a cigar that you can't name one bad football player in pro ball. *You lose!*

I'm aware of my own reputation, and I enjoy it. I've been called "one half of a collision looking for the other." The adjectives you usually read about me are "unstylish," "brutal," "unrelenting" and sometimes "dumb." (That's when we lose; when we win, I'm a "great genius.") People take one look at the scars on my face and they assume that I spend most of my off-hours prowling around looking for fights, when the truth is that the fights are prowling around looking for me, and sometimes they find me. I think of myself as a gentle, fun-loving, peaceful person, but you can be all these things and still get in fights—especially if you don't back down, and I

richmond

KAPF, WIFE MARCIA AND SON J.J. HIT THE BEACH AT WAIKIKI DURING OFF SEASON

try not to. You won't see me running out of bounds to avoid a little physical contact with a linebacker, and you won't see me ducking out the window when somebody wants to tangle. So I've been known to get in an occasional tête-à-tête.

Maybe this goes back to my Chicano childhood, and machismo. Machismo means manliness, a willingness to act like a man, and if a kid didn't have machismo in the polyglot neighborhoods of the San Fernando and Salinas valleys in California, where I grew up, he had it tough. When I was little I saw guys lying in their own blood at the corner of Mission Boulevard and Hollister Street in San Fernando. Sometimes the Mexicans would fight the Anglos, sometimes it would be the Mexicans and the blacks from Pacoima. They had gang fights going all the time and even an occasional shoot-out or knifing.

When we moved to Salinas in the California lettuce belt, we lived in a housing project with pickers, Okies, Arkies, blacks and whites and browns and purples. In the fifth grade a bigger kid called me "a dirty Mexican," and at first I didn't challenge him. But when I got home I brooded on what he had said. My sense of justice was outraged. My mother, Florence Garcia Kapp, is Mexican-American, but my father is of German descent; therefore, at worst, I could only be half of what that kid had called me. So I went back and found him and really whaled him. I didn't win the fight, but I got in some licks. That was machismo, not backing down, acting like a man. I think I violated the code of machismo only once: in the seventh grade, when two guys took my basketball and rolled it down the hall. I should have whaled them, too, but one of them was Bob Sartwell, the best athlete in Salinas, six feet tall and 180 pounds, and I chickened out. I've never backed down since. On that dry, dusty basketball court in Salinas, I would look around me and say to myself, "Well, if I'm gonna win this game I'm gonna have to kick somebody's butt!" That was valuable training for NFL football.

I went to the University of California on an athletic scholarship, mostly for my basketball, but if you have never heard of me in that connection, you may be excused. I arrived at Cal under the mistaken impression that I was the hottest athlete in town, but I was quickly disabused. Those big-city athletes had

moves I'd never imagined. In football you had to play both ways in those days, and I started as quarterback on the freshman football team. The coaches didn't know where to play me on defense, so I played corner. Against UCLA's frosh team I had to cover a pass catcher who was a star hurdler. I played him about 18 yards deep and still he caught three touchdown passes over my head and UCLA beat us 32-0. I was never so humiliated in my life. We didn't get a single point on offense and I let them have three touchdowns over my head! I was ready to quit football, but the coach talked me out of it. He let me play outside linebacker in the last game against Stanford, and my lack of talent didn't show up so conspicuously there.

Cal was going through some tough times back in those days. The Golden Bears hadn't won a Pacific Coast Conference title in years. In my sophomore year we won three football games, and in my junior year we won two less than that. By the time my senior year came around we were classed as humbies, and we opened the season by losing to College of the Pacific, with Dick Bass, and then to Michigan State. Halfback Jack Hart and I were co-captains and we sat down for a little talk after that second straight loss. "This is it, man," Jack said. "We're either gonna turn it all around right now or we're gonna have another year like the last two."

"We've got to do something wild," I said. "We've got to shake the guys up somehow."

We had a team meeting and Jack and I told everybody that time had run out on the Cal team—either we start improving right away or we forget it. The next day in practice Jack spotted a lineman who wasn't putting out and he grabbed that big guy by the back of the neck and the seat of the pants and ran him halfway across the field into a concrete abutment. "Goddamn it!" Jack shouted. "If you don't want to play, get out of here!" Sometimes you need a little dramatic thing like that to shake a team up. We only lost one more game that year, and we won the Pacific Coast championship and went to the Rose Bowl. Iowa beat us 38-12. I led the Pacific Coast Conference quarterbacks in rushing and was named to the Look All-America team, and so, of course, all I had to do was sit back and wait for the pro offers to roll in.

Nothing rolled. I was the 13th pick of the Washington Redskins, but they never contacted me, and I wound up signing with the Calgary Stampeders in the Canadian Football League. The ink was hardly dry on the contract before I got into the battle that produced those scars on my face. I've never told the whole story before because I didn't see what purpose could be served by it, but now I'm telling it to nip off some of the sillier versions that have been circulating.

It was a hot, humid night during the training season, and most of the Stampeders were sitting around drinking beer. We'd had the annual rookie show earlier and nobody felt like going to bed, and around 1 a.m. I walked into a room where the guys were talking. Without warning, a big linebacker broke a quart bottle of beer across my jaw and raked it across my throat. We started to tangle, but there was so much beer spilling around the room that the other guys jumped in and broke it up. A couple of players took me to the trainer's room, and when the trainer answered the door all sleepy and red-eyed he took one look at me and fainted. At the hospital they gave me 100 stitches, and the doctors said that the broken glass had missed

BEARING BUCKAROO is Joe Kapp, age 4, in his combie, sat on a photographer's pony in wilded Burbank. But young Kapp had no time



my jugular by about half an inch. At 7 o'clock the next morning there was a knock at my door, and I opened it to find the guy who had hit me. He apologized and said, "I don't know what you should do to me, but go ahead and do it."

I said I didn't want to do anything to him, we were teammates, and we'd both been drinking, and it was one of those things.

Three years later, after I'd been traded to the British Columbia Lions, the linebacker showed up looking for a job, but there was nobody in our office at the time. He went out and knocked on the door of a rectory, and when a priest answered the guy killed him with a shotgun. Ever since then he's been in a mental hospital in Vancouver. A paranoid schizophrenic. A very sick boy. It was my bad luck to be around before his sickness was diagnosed.

Some Americans look down their noses at the Canadian Football League, but that only shows ignorance. I spent eight years up there, on teams that wound up losers and on one team that went on to win the Grey Cup, Canada's Super Bowl game, and I don't look back on it as

minor league experience. Canadian football is a wide-open, fluid game, with action and movement all over the place. There are five backs and no rules against motion and plenty for a quarterback to think about. But both leagues have one thing in common: a quarterback is paid to win.

I never missed a game in Canada. I played the exhibition game the week after my 100 stitches. I started and finished a game when my knee was twisted and torn. Later on the doctors took out bone chips and torn cartilage and everything else. One of them said that he couldn't believe so much matter could come out of one man's knee and they predicted that I would never play again. When the next season started, I was out there. Too dumb to know better, I guess!

After the 1963 season I picked up the nickname "F-I-C-I-D." Football players go to the movies often, and I go more often than most, and we had all seen *F-I-C-I-D* and that great scene where they strap Charlton Heston into the saddle so that he can lead the Spanish into battle and scare the bell out of the enemy, even though he's dead. Right after that I was dressing for a game and easing my uniform around all my injuries. One finger was dislocated and taped to the next one. One knee and both ankles were taped. I had bruised ribs and they were taped, and my shoulder was taped up because of a slight separation. I was bandaging 10 pounds of adhesive around, and our captain, Norm Fieldgate, looked at me and said, "Hey, it's F-I-C-I-D!" I took that as a compliment. I liked my reputation as a guy who finished the games he started, and I still do. In fact this year's Super Bowl was the first time in my career that I was knocked out of a game.

It was 1967 before I finally reached the National Football League, and then it was as a 29-year-old, third-string rookie quarterback on the Vikings. Not only did I reach the NFL late in life, but I had a small legal battle in negotiating myself from the Canadian Football League, and I wound up missing training camp. By the time I showed up, the team was playing its fourth exhibition game and I didn't even know the numbers yet. Furthermore, I barely knew any of the Vikings, and this was hard on my whole theory of quarterbacking, which is that you're not involved with a football out there,

you're involved with people, and you make it happen. That's it in proportion to how successful you are with the people.

Living up to it, it's easy for me, to prevent things. I injured out a brilliant approach for the 30th cent and then went out and applied my genius, but the truth is that I just did something spontaneous without much thought. I wanted to get involved with the Vikings, and so when it came my turn to run the ball club in the scrimmages I had a 51 on the whole defense. I would give them 51 for each interception if they would give me 51 for each booth I threw over them. They accepted the challenge. The other two quarterbacks, Bob Berry and Ron VanderKelen, would run through their plays and then I'd step in and the whole field would come alive. You'd hear Earl-El (Elvin) Mackbee, one of the more outgoing cornerbacks in the league, screaming, "Oh, oh, look who's here! It's easy-money time. I got you, Kapp. I want a little bit of that!" A pro football player would rather have \$1 easy money than \$1,000 the hard way.

For a while I was throwing in luck, and I collected a couple of dollar bills and a lot of friendly grapes, but then I threw one a little short and Lonnie Warswick picked it off. I wouldn't have minded, but he had to make an eye production out of it, a big linebacker straight-arming and swivel-hipping his way down the field as if he were Gale Sayers or something. Usually, in a situation like that, the quarterback would say, "Aw, " and go to the end of the line, but when I saw this 240-pound wood nymph roaring down the field I took after him and banged him. He was shocked! Who ever heard of a third-string quarterback putting a shoulder shot on the great Lonnie Warswick in practice? He got up screaming, "Yah! Yah! Yah! Kapp, we'll get you!" You know how those big defensive players are. But I liked it, and so did he. Now we were all involved.

In the second game of the 1967 season the Rams were slaughtering us and roughing up VanderKelen and Bob Berry, and Coach Bud Grant had no choice but to send in our last surviving quarterback. me. I figured the best thing to do was challenge the Rams, so I went in shouting. I don't remember exactly what I shouted, but it was something like, "All right, you sons of bitches, here I come! Let's see how good you

continued

for horseplay." Every time I turned around he had a ball in his hand," says his number. Here it's a senior high forward (behind)



are!" If you consider that the ultimate in machismo, you must also consider it the ultimate in stupidity. I had Los Angeles Rams on top of me the rest of the night. One time Roger Brown, all 300 pounds of him, embraced me enthusiastically nose to nose. It hurt like hell. When he was a safe distance away, I hollered, "Hey, Brown, didn't you ever hear of Livers?" But I don't think he heard me—I hope. The game confirmed everything I had suspected. First, that I wasn't ready. Once we were on their four-yard line and I called a draw play, and when I turned to go back and hand the ball to Billy Brown he was gone. I had

inadvertently called a hand-off, and Boom Boom had already disappeared through the line. I also threw a couple of interceptions and a lot of incompletions, but I wound up the afternoon completing eight passes for 157 yards and running three times for 34 yards and proving to myself that these NFL guys were only humans. Now I knew that there was going to be a lot of fun and crunch waiting for me in this National Football League.

After that I began playing more, and when we met Green Bay at Milwaukee I was listed as a starting quarterback. At the time our record was 0-4, and Green Bay was on the way to one of its big Super Bowl years, slaughtering everybody en route. If ever there was a mismatch, this would be it. A week earlier the Packers had held the Detroit Lions to a net of 59 yards passing, and the week before that they had thrown Atlanta powers eight times. So what happened? Bud Grant came up with a game plan that was different from anything I'd ever experienced. He instructed me to play a double careful game of ball control, entirely alien to my own style of play. I wound up throwing a total of 11 passes and completing only two, but our usual stout defense held and we beat the mighty Packers 10-7. "That's a new low for me, completing two out of 11," I told the press after the game, "but beating Green Bay is a new high. I'll take this anytime."

Not long afterward, at Metropolitan Stadium in Minnesota, the Packers came back for revenge. I started at quarterback and the club jelled pretty well and with two minutes to play it's 27-27 and we're about to pull off another upset by holding the mighty Packers to a tie. It's first and 10 on our seven and Bud Grant has sent in a word of caution—he tells us not to play for a tie, but also not to go crazy and start throwing the ball all over the place, either. In other words, he tells us to play our regular ball-control type of offense; and if we don't score, settle for the tie with absolutely no complaints.

Well, you know about "the best-laid plans of mice and men." I take the ball from center and hump into our pulling guard and the ball gets away. Billy Brown accidentally puts his foot into it and kicks it 13 yards down the field and into Green Bay's hands. Don Chandler kicks a field goal with a few seconds

left on the clock and we lose 30-27. That's as bad as I've felt after any loss of my life. A horrible way to lose! I mean, if you're letting it all hang out and taking a chance on winning and then you make a mistake and lose, that's fine. But if you're playing ball control, perfectly content to eke out a tie, and then you blow it, why, that's as Mickey Mouse as you can get. I felt so bad I was almost sick. So did the other guys. But I had this life-long rule about never missing a post-game party, and I didn't intend to miss this one. I dressed and went home first and poured myself a tequila, the truth drink, and for a chaser I had another. For a few minutes I entertained the thought of skipping the big blow-out that was being held for the team at a fan's house, but then Dale Hackbart and Karl Kasvulke called and reminded me to show up, and off I went in my 1939 LaSalle to see what was happening. You can imagine the mirth and merriment at that party. When I saw the players standing around with hangdog faces, I said, "Hey, you guys, where's the hody laid out?" Nobody even cracked a smile. The great quarterback and student of humanity had failed again.

I took my bottle of tequila and I went downstairs to a gloomy corner of the basement to wallow in my despair. Somewhere was already there, wallowing in his despair. It was Lonnie Warwick, the mighty halfback from West Virginia and Tennessee, the ex-fighter who had been working on a railroad section gang when the Vikings had signed him. Of all the players on the club, Lonnie had become one of my favorites, and I think I had become one of his—ever since I had put that shoulder into him on the practice field. We sat there together for an hour or so, sipping tequila and commiserating. We told each other what a great football team the Vikings had, and how we're going to win the Super Bowl next year, and how we were the closest bunch of athletes ever assembled together in sports, and how we would die for one another. Then I said, "It's too bad I had to blow that game for us today."

"You didn't blow the game," Lonnie said. "The defense lost the game."

"No, no, Lonnie," I said. "Don't try to make me feel better. I blew it."

He climbed to his feet, looked down at me and said, "Listen, you crazy Mexican, I told you we lost the game, not you. Stop feeling sorry for yourself."



AT CALIFORNIA C, co-captain Kupp provided electrically and led the Golden Bears in rushing.



WITH BRITISH COLUMBIA In 1964, Kapp drains Greg Cipe after quarterbacking the Lions to a 34-24 win over the Hamilton Tiger-Cats in Toronto for the Canadian Football League title

"Knock off all that bull, Lonnie," I said, standing up myself. "I'm the one that dropped the ball, not the defense."

This went on for about five minutes, with neither of us giving an inch, and finally Lonnie informs me that if I will not admit that the defense blew the game we will have to settle it outside in the garden. So now we're walking side by side out the back door and I'm saying that this is crazy and he's saying that it may be crazy but what's going to happen next is we're going to fight, and I say that's perfectly O.K. with me. The noise attracted some of the other guys, but by the time they were able to stop us we'd been flailing away at each other for about five minutes by the light of the moon. When it was over, with him on top, Jim Marshall and Roy Winston made us get up and shake hands. "Good night, Lonnie," I said, and Lonnie said, "Good night, Joe," just as if we were both normal in the head.

The next morning Lonnie called and he said, "Jeez, Joe, I don't know what got into us."

"I know what got into us," I said. "Tequila, L-S-T for tequila, T for truth."

"Yeah," he said, "and T for trouble. I don't know about you, but I got to go to the dentist."

I said, "Well, I'm on my way to the eye doctor. One of my eyes won't open."

"I got a bad eye, too," he said. "Let's go to the eye doctor together."

The doctor informed us that we would both live to play another day, and then we decided that we'd better tell our story to Bud Gram before somebody else told him first. Bud is no holy terror, snarling and screaming and leveling fines at the players, but he is no nasturtium either, and we knew he would really tee off on us when he found out how stupidly we had acted. So we walked into his office like a couple of scared kids and hemmed and hawed around, I kept

waiting for Lonnie to explain and he kept waiting for me.

"Why don't you fellows take off your dark glasses?" Grant said.

"Oh, that's O.K.," I blurted out.

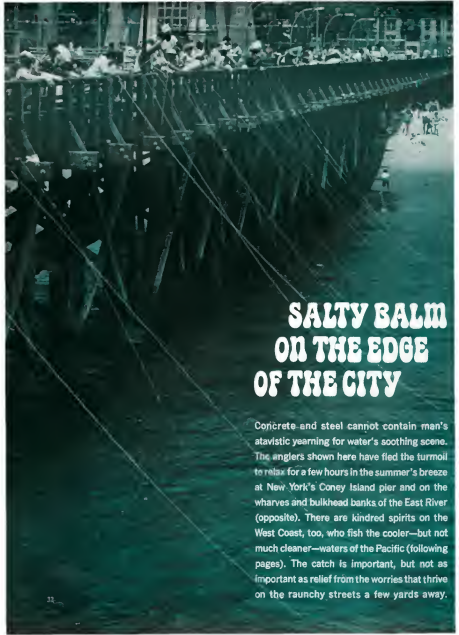
"We prefer not to," Lonnie said.

But after a while we confessed, and Bud administered a lecture and that was the end of the matter.

By the time our final game came around against the Lions, I was itching to have a great day, to put the clamp on the starting quarterback job for next season. Instead, I had one of the worst games of my career. Alex Karras was very much on my mind, and I figured I'd better not go through his tackle any more than absolutely necessary. So on the first play I called a sweep to the left side, away from Alex. Then I called a bootleg to the left, again away from Karras. On the fifth play of the game I called a roll-out to the left, but before I could get started, who do you think jumps me and whumps me to the ground and starts roaring in my ear like a wild animal? He hollers, "Yah! Yah! Yah! Kapp. Don't ever go my way!" At that point he could have broken any one of my arms or legs, so I'm lying quietly and trying not to antagonize him. "Don't you ever go my way!" he hollers again, while I'm saying to myself, "Damn, I've run away from him three times and here he is on top of me telling me not to go his way. Which way isn't his way?" But as he got up and walked off, I couldn't resist saying, "You, Karras!" and after that his teammates were all over me. That was the day Lem Barney intercepted three of my passes in one quarter (all by myself I made him All-Pro that year), and we lost the game 14-3, finishing the year with a glorious record of three wins, eight losses and three ties. It came as no surprise to me that the Vikings traded for Quarterback Gary Cuccione in the off season, and in a way I even welcomed the competition, although it never really developed. Off the field, Gary and I became roommates and good friends, and in training he ran into some injury problems that kept him from taking the starting job away from me.

NEXT WEEK

Although he led the Vikings to the NFL title in 1969, Kapp says he threw only two spirals: one incomplete, the other intercepted.



SALTY BALM ON THE EDGE OF THE CITY

Concrete and steel cannot contain man's atavistic yearning for water's soothing scene. The anglers shown here have fled the turmoil to relax for a few hours in the summer's breeze at New York's Coney Island pier and on the wharves and bulkhead banks of the East River (opposite). There are kindred spirits on the West Coast, too, who fish the cooler—but not much cleaner—waters of the Pacific (following pages). The catch is important, but not as important as relief from the worries that thrive on the raunchy streets a few yards away.





The July breeze can be brisk on San Francisco Bay and anglers dress accordingly. There are striped bass to be caught here in the shadow of the Golden Gate Bridge, but for most the catch is of the smaller variety—bottom fish or herring. There are crabs, too, and all in all enough action to entice a businessman (upper right) to attempt a few fast casts during his lunch-hour break.





It is much the same scene farther north along the Seattle waterfront, except on Pier 67, where in the comfort of his room in the Edgewater Inn a traveling man like Daniel Huffman can make his calls and Jose little time between bites. When he is in Seattle, Huffman always reserves the same room, and always gets his fish. He deposits his catch in the bathtub.



PITCHING HORSESHOES is a good way to pass time while waiting on a batch of Jack Daniel's. You see, here in Moore County we still make whiskey the slow, slow Tennessee way. That calls for mellowing every drop through ten feet of rick-burned hard maple charcoal...a time-consuming process you can't hurry along. Charcoal mellowing, as this slow process is called, is largely responsible for the rare sippin' taste of Jack Daniel's. And it also accounts for some pretty fancy horseshoe pitching here in Jack Daniel Hollow.



CHARCOAL
MELLOWED
DROPPED
BY DROP

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AS EASY AS TAKING A STROLL

The coach of Indiana's national champions sees no reason why adults shouldn't learn to swim without all that thrashing about

by DR. JAMES E. COUNSILMAN with COLES PHINIZY

I find it curious that although an increasing number of middle-aged people are going into the water these days for the joy of it few of them ever try to swim well. Despite their obvious love of water, they struggle through it like runaway Percherons. A weekend golfer with no more regard for technique than many swimmers I have seen would be lucky if he broke 130.

I think many people resign themselves to a lifetime of hard labor in the water in the belief that they simply do not have the natural aptitude to swim well or are not in good enough condition. In the past 15 years, above and below water, I have studied the strokes of more than 1,000 swimmers of all ages and varying degrees of competence. On the basis of these observations I am sure that ef-

ficient swimming seldom comes naturally but, rather, is a learned skill that can be fairly mastered by anyone willing to devote a little time to it.

A few years back, to satisfy my curiosity about the relevance of natural ability and learning, I went underwater to study the swimming techniques of a dozen puppies, a 2-year-old alligator and a brood of half-grown ducks, none of which had swum a stroke prior to my observations. Although the puppies managed well enough on their first venture in the water, it was obvious that their technique improved in subsequent workouts. Most notably, they began to rely increasingly on their forepaws for propulsion and to minimize the action of their hind legs, using them principally as steering devices. On their first try the

ducks tended to list to one side or the other and to swim irregular courses. Although it took the ducks only a few days to become accomplished, there was no doubt that they were learning by the simple process of trial and error. The alligator—the creature one might suspect as being the most naturally endowed—failed completely. On its first attempt, after a few futile movements of its tail and legs, the alligator sank to the bottom of the pool and drowned.

For most land animals, learning to swim is a relatively simple process. Because of the way their limbs are jointed, most of them have no choice but to make their way through the water by "dog paddling" as efficiently as possible. By contrast, because of the greater flexibility of our joints, we humans are able

to swim effectively in a number of ways: on our backs, on our sides, or prone. Unfortunately, even when swimming our most efficient stroke, the front crawl, because of the freedom of action we enjoy we are apt to commit a variety of errors. We are liable, for example, to swing our arms too stiffly during one part of the stroke cycle, and we are equally apt to flex our wrists, elbows, shoulders or knees at the wrong moment and in wasteful ways. To put it simply, since there are many things we can do wrong, we have to work harder than other land creatures to get in the right groove.

For those who would like to improve their crawl stroke, the best service I can do by the remote means of the printed page is to point out the most common mistakes and offer ways of correcting them. Although it is possible for you to

the water. Although such friction has a great deal of effect on fast-moving objects, it is a minor consideration even for the fastest sprint swimmers. In moving through the water, the body is also subject to frontal resistance as well as to drag, or eddy resistance, both of which are deterrents.

Crawl swimming is essentially an integration of four distinct actions: the cyclical stroking of the arms, the flutter kick, the rotating of the head to one side for air and a necessary rolling of the whole body on its long axis to facilitate the recovery of the arms out of water. The swimmer who makes these actions with little side-to-side movement of the body and with little deviation of the body from the horizontal plane is minimizing both frontal resistance and drag.

as it swings through the air in this manner, the effect is still detrimental. As Isaac Newton first propounded, for every action there is an equal and opposite reaction. The wide swing of the arm to one side tends to throw the legs or hips (or both) out of line on the opposite side. The wiggling hips and the legs create resistance, but the wide-swinging arm is the real culprit.

Many swimmers who recover their arms in a flat arc compound the error. At the end of the recovery, instead of entering their hand in the water directly forward, in line with the shoulder, or slightly inward toward the center line of the body, the wide swingers tend to bend the elbow and sweep the hand across the center line of the body. When the arm crosses over this way, the swimmer must straighten his elbow to prop-

DRAWINGS BY FRANK MULLINS



Improper arm recovery

diagnose your own faults to some extent, to make the most of my advice you should have someone observe your actions. It helps if two swimmers work together, analyzing each other's stroke.

Generally speaking, there are two kinds of errors that affect a swimmer's efficiency: 1) those that increase resistance in the water unnecessarily, and 2) those that use energy without contributing sufficient propulsive force. Even when the body is in its most streamlined posture, a racing dive, it encounters resistance of several sorts. Then skin friction itself disturbs the laminar flow of

Most of the excessive resistance that inept swimmers create is the result of faulty stroking or breathing technique. One of the most common faults I find among casual swimmers is the extravagant way they recover their arms out of water. Instead of lifting the elbow up and letting the hand and forearm come forward fairly close to the body as each arm completes the propulsive phase of the stroke underwater, many strugglers barely bend their elbows at all, swinging their arms forward in a flat, wide arc (see drawing above left). Although the arm itself encounters little resistance



Correct arm recovery

erly start the press of the hand downward and backward through the propulsive phase of the stroke. In so doing, rather than pushing downward and back in a direct line in the first part of the propulsive action, he is actually executing somewhat of a lateral motion, thus diminishing the force of the stroke as well as moving the body slightly out of line in the opposite direction.

Untutored swimmers who have fairly good recoveries often commit a different sort of error: at the end of the recovery they overreach, extending the shoulder excessively. You can appreciate the ef-

continued



SWIMMING *continued*

fect of this error by standing erect and holding one arm overhead, then bringing it down in front of you. If you do this without extending the shoulder, you will find that the action has almost no effect on the rest of the body. Then, if you assume the same position but extend the shoulder upward to get a few more inches of reach before lowering the arm, you will feel your whole torso being pulled out of line.

Although some competitive crawl swimmers have remarkable shoulder flexibility, not one can recover his arms properly over the water without rolling his body to some extent. (In underwater motion studies I have made, I have found that good competitors roll at least 30°—and some as much as 45°—off the vertical plane.) Ideally, as the arm on one side starts the recovery, the body should roll to the opposite side as if impaled on a spit. Many casual swimmers do not roll enough to permit proper recovery with a bent elbow.

Naturally, the roll of the body on its long axis also makes breathing easier on one side or the other. Although proper breathing is something that any swimmer with a reasonably correct stroke can learn in a week or so, few strugglers ever concern themselves with it.

If he hopes to hold himself in a good horizontal plane, a swimmer must keep as much of his head as possible in the water at all times. An efficient swimmer maintains a slight posterior flexion of the neck so that the waterline comes somewhere between the middle of the forehead and the crown of the head. To breathe, an efficient swimmer rotates his head on the longitudinal axis of the body as the elbow on his breathing side is emerging from the water and his body rolls upward on that side. (Because there is a slight trough behind the bow wave created by his head, a good swimmer actually gets his air slightly below the normal waterline.)

Anyone without a specific disability can rotate his head at the neck nearly 90°, but, alas, instead of simply rotating, most strugglers get their mouth above water by lifting the whole head up to one side or to the front. The worst thrashers lunge upward as if each gulp of air might be their last—some of them so violently that the whole head and part of one shoulder come out of the water. As a consequence, their hips drop a good foot below the surface and their legs ride still lower. Obviously, in a medium as dense as water, such a departure from the horizontal creates a great

An efficient stroke (shown in numbered drawings here and on following pages) features body roll, elbow up and wrist bent downward as hand enters water.

deal of frontal resistance and drag.

The swimmer who lunges up to breathe pays a high price. To help get his head above water, he is obliged to press down, rather than back, against the water with the arm on the opposite side, thus losing propulsion. The swimmer who applies propulsive force most evenly through the stroke cycle moves through the water at the steadiest rate and with the least effort. A swimmer who lunges upward for each breath and then sinks back into the water cannot possibly move through it at a steady rate. As a result of his bobbing action, he must use quite a bit of energy in each stroke cycle to overcome inertia.

Even for the best of crawl swimmers the flutter kick is a very minor source of propulsion. For all swimmers—particularly noncompetitors who merely want to swim easily at a modest speed—





2

the prime value of the kick is to stabilize the body, keeping it in a horizontal plane and minimizing lateral movement. Although incorrect kicking is rarely as detrimental as improper stroking and breathing, some inexperienced swimmers waste energy and induce resistance by using too wide a kick—that is, by letting their legs move too far apart in the vertical plane. A more common and serious error is excessive flexing of the knee. Overflexion allows the upper leg to swing too far out of the horizontal plane, creating frontal resistance and drag without serving any purpose.

There are a few serious errors that decrease a swimmer's efficiency by simply wasting his power, notably the misapplication of hands and arms during the propulsive phase of the stroke. Twenty-five years ago, when the science of swimming was a quagmire of unchallenged dogma and misconceptions, some coaches advocated cupping the hand during the propulsive phase. Some still do, theorizing, I suppose, that if the hand is shaped like a little bucket, it will hold water better. During the propulsive phase of the stroke we are, in effect, trying to hold our hand as nearly as possible in one spot in the water while our bodies travel through it. The amount of

holding power depends not only on the frontal resistance created by the palm side of the hand but equally, if not more, on the amount of drag created by the back side of the hand. When we cup the hand, we reduce the area, thus lessening frontal resistance. By cupping the hand we also are streamlining the back side of it somewhat, thereby reducing drag and allowing the hand to slip ineffectually through the water.

From hydrodynamic and wind-tunnel tests I have conducted, I am sure that the most effective and restful hold a swimmer can get on the water is with his hand flat and fingers together. Quite a few competitors swim with their fingers slightly spread, and from my tests I feel that such an application is efficient. However, I recommend that casual swimmers hold the fingers together. By so doing they are able to maintain better control of the hand with slightly less effort.

Even though he recovers his arms almost perfectly, during the propulsive phase an inept swimmer is still apt to commit two errors that diminish his power. The first is a posterior flexion of the wrist—a collapsing of the wrist, you might say—that obviously permits the hand to slip through the water rather

than press squarely against it. Ideally, the hand should be bent slightly downward as it enters the water and starts the propulsive phase. As the hand moves downward and backward under the body, the wrist should be straightened so that the hand is in line with the forearm. Then in the final part of the press, as the arm comes up alongside the hip, the hand should be flexed posteriorly so that it is still affording some backward thrust even when the arm is moving upward.

By far the worst mistake committed during the propulsive phase is what I call the "dropped elbow." Until the 1950s, when we began going underwater in earnest to study stroke mechanics, I do not think anyone in the coaching profession realized how many novices and moderately competent swimmers were committing this wasteful error. If the elbow is bent in such a way that it leads the forearm and hand through the propulsive phase, the forearm and hand do not begin to press squarely back against the water until they have completed more than half of the propulsive phase. A "dropped elbow" swimmer simply does not get an adequate hold on the water. He is, in effect, propelling himself with a broken paddle. A good swimmer keeps

continued



1

SWIMMING

his elbow slightly up as the hand enters the water and begins to press. During the first part of the press, the arm should be almost straight. Then as the arm travels back under the body, the elbow should bend slightly, but with the upper arm slightly rotated out so that the inner side of it is facing to the rear. When the upper arm is rotated in this way, the slightly bent elbow does not lead the arm but remains fairly well in the same plane as the forearm and hand. When the stroke is executed properly, as the arm passes under the body in the most productive part of the stroke, the upper arm is nearly at a right angle to the shoulder line, the elbow is facing outward and the forearm is canted inward so that the hand actually passes just about underneath the center line of the body. As the arm moves back into the final part of the propulsive phase, the elbow is straightened so that the hand comes up almost alongside the hip.

If it were possible for you to climb out of your skin and observe your own actions in the water, you could learn to swim efficiently in a short time. There is no better way of learning a neuromuscular skill than by immediate association of the visual impression with the feel of the muscular action. The best

substitute is a friend who has some knowledge of stroke mechanics or is interested in improving his technique. You can observe your own actions by means of a few training aids. I recommend the movie camera and the Polaroid still camera, the former because you can see yourself in motion, the latter because you can at least see some aspects of your above-water action within a minute after executing them. A face mask—or still better, swimming goggles that have less resistance—will enable you to observe part of your underwater stroke as you practice it.

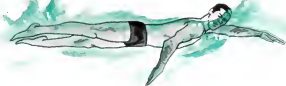
To improve your crawl technique, first work on the kick, then add the arm action (including the roll of the body to facilitate the recovery) and finally incorporate the breathing action. Although your kick can do you little wrong, relatively speaking, you should examine it to be sure you are actually doing what you *feel* you are doing. Because of the different indices of refraction of air and water, the exact characteristics of the flutter kick are difficult to assess when viewed from above water. Hang on the side of the pool and practice the kick while your teammate—your co-coach—observes the action underwater through a face mask. Competitive swimmers sep-

arate their feet in the vertical plane anywhere from 10 to 16 inches. For casual swimming I recommend a separation of about 12 inches. Under the supervision of your co-coaching partner, kick while hanging onto the side of a pool—or preferably, while using a kickboard—until you have a feel of the proper kick. To minimize excessive bending of the knee, concentrate on keeping some tension on the knee joint so that the movement of the legs in the water derives more from the flexion of the hips.

Before trying to correct your stroke in the water, practice it while bending over at the waist in front of a full-length mirror. When you hold your head properly, without rolling your eyeballs upward, you will actually be looking downward at about a 45° angle. By casting your eyes up, you will be able to see your action in the mirror. Practice the recovery and the propulsive phase of the stroke with both arms, occasionally closing your eyes for several strokes, then opening them to observe whether you are still in the proper groove.

Then go into water slightly deeper than your waist, lean over and practice both the stroke and the breathing action. Because you are almost weightless when you lean over in this manner, with each





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stroke you will tend to pull yourself forward off your feet. You can offset this by planting one foot slightly ahead of the other. Better yet, put on a scuba diver's weight belt with eight or 10 pounds of lead. Practice in this manner while wearing goggles that permit you to see part of the underwater action—specifically, the first part of the propulsive phase when you are apt to drop the elbow and lose power. Also practice the stroke without goggles so that you get a blind feel for it.

When you have been accustomed to the arm action, incorporate the breathing action into the stroke cycle, concentrating on rotating the neck so that the mouth barely clears the surface to get air. After each inhalation, when the mouth is returned underwater, prolong the exhalation by letting the air trickle out of the mouth and nose, so that you have not exhausted that breath completely until the head has almost rolled back up to get more air. (This is not as difficult as it may seem: when breathing on land, exhalation normally takes longer than inhalation.)

Although this kind of stabilized practice—with feet planted on the bottom of the pool—is helpful, don't overdo it, for it is, at best, a mediocre substitute

for actual swimming. When you are standing in one spot, of necessity your hands must slip through the water. In a static drill of this sort, you cannot get the proper feel of the pressure of the water against the hands as they hold the water and the body travels forward.

To practice the arm action by actually swimming, push off from the side of a pool, or from a waist-deep bottom, and get your body in a proper horizontal plane. As the momentum of the push-off carries you through the water, kick and then try one or two strokes with each arm. Do this both with goggles and without. You will be helped if your co-coaching teammate observes both the underwater and above-water phases of your stroke. After each push-off, do only as many strokes as you can without losing form. Don't rest too long between each push-off; in fact, I recommend pausing for an interval no longer than the duration of each practice attempt. In other words, if you push off, start to kick, then take, say, three strokes with each arm in 10 seconds, you should try again in 10 seconds. You will get yourself into a good neuromuscular groove much more easily if you keep the interval short between practice runs.

While practicing the arm stroke with-

out taking a breath, concentrate on rolling the body to each side so that, even without rotating the neck, first one, then the other ear comes out of the water.

When you can do six or seven strokes with each arm without losing form, try to incorporate the correct breathing action. Here again, after each practice push-off, only swim as far as you can without losing form. Although the exact number of strokes varies, depending upon the size of the individual and other factors, anyone swimming with reasonable efficiency should be able to push off from one end of a 25-yard pool and reach the other end in 25 seconds, using 22 strokes or less. (Since in a good push-off you will cover about five yards before taking your first stroke, this means you are moving about a yard on each stroke.) When you can swim 25 yards without losing form, rest no more than 15 seconds between each attempt. You should not feel satisfied until you can swim 100 yards without losing form and without any appreciable sense of fatigue. If you practice for an hour two or three times a week, within a month I guarantee that you will find you can swim several hundred yards without expending much more energy than it would take to walk the same distance.

END



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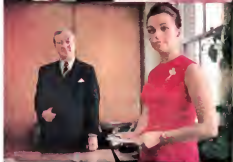
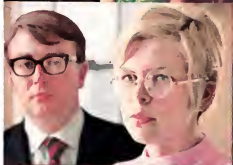
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Morganna, the large stripper whose hobby of running out on baseball fields to kiss players has not hurt her career a bit ("She's the highest-paid stripper in the country," says her agent, "She's booked a year ahead"), has rated some of the victims she has lippled.

She says of Wes Parker: "He doesn't kiss good, but he runs fast."

Billy Cowan: "I thought Cowan had sexy lips until I read in the paper that I kissed his ear. Now I'm really confused."

Frank Howard: "The poor thing. He almost fainted. I don't even want to mention him."

Pete Rose: "He cursed a lot."

Clete Boyer: "He kisses good. I told him I loved him. He said, 'I love you, too.' A week later he came into the club where I was dancing and jumped up on the stage and kissed me. He said, 'Now we're even.'"

THE WEEK

NL EAST PITTSBURGH moved into first place with a four-game sweep of the Cards. Dock Ellis started the rout with a five-hit shutout and was followed by the Pirates' undefeated bullpen ace, Dave Giusti (7-0) and Bruce Dal Canton (4-0). They picked up the next three wins with tight relief pitching. Casey Stengel's upcoming 80th birthday drew 55,310 celebrants to Shea Stadium, but the Expos put a damper on the fun. They defeated NEW YORK for the seventh time this season and dropped the Mets from first. Ron Santo broke CHICAGO out of its 17-game slump by cracking three home runs and driving in 10 scores on a doubleheader sweep that started off the Cubs' best week since May. ST. LOUIS was streaking, too—downward. Bob Gibson's victory string was ended at 10, and the Cardinals' consecutive losses ended at seven, their longest plunge since 1966. Ninth-inning rallies gave PHILADELPHIA its only two victories. Deron Johnson hit a two-run homer and Rick Wise pitched a four-hit shutout and three days later Tony Taylor's triple drove in two runners to spark a seven-run last-inning outburst. MONTREAL Manager Gene March has seen plenty of slumps, including the longest in modern baseball history when he led the Phillies to 23 consecutive losses in 1961, and now he has come up with a precise definition of that malady. "A slump is a temporary disorder, something like the common cold, only there are no pills to cure it," March said. "You feel like you are dying when you are suffering through it and you wish you could."

March got that old feeling for a while again last week when the Expos were outscored 22-12 and lost four straight games.

PIT 30-26 NY 47-36 CH 42-42
ST. L 22-47 PHIL 22-42 MONT 27-61

NL WEST The Big Red Machine added two new gears last week. CINCINNATI Pitcher Jim Merritt, who had one home run in five previous seasons, and Shortstop Woody Woodward, who had none after 684 games in the majors, both teed off the same day. LOS ANGELES briefly gained half a game on the division leaders, a startling turn of events that prompted Manager Walt Alston to say, "I think they're taking off." Orlando Cepeda homered four times in three games for ATLANTA. One of the homers was his 2,000th major league hit. Jim RAY Hart, the SAN FRANCISCO slugger who was sidelined by a shoulder injury last season, had a crashing return with the Giants after spending three months in the minors. In his second game, he hit for the cycle and drove in six runs in an inning. HOUSTON spent a long time going nowhere. Their seven home games last week averaged 3:01 to play, but the Astros would have been smarter to quit at about 2:45. In four of the games they allowed a total of 17 runs in the eighth, ninth and 10th innings and lost them. SAN DIEGO, which the night before had hit four home runs in the ninth inning and still did not win, finally defeated the Dodgers on Clarence Gaston's last-inning shot. It was the team's 90th home run of the year, equalling the total for all last season.

CIN 33-26 LA 31-22 ATL 42-44
SF 41-44 HOU 27-37 SD 22-24

AL EAST Except for some unper- sistent rain and nine very persistent Yankees, BALTIMORE might have made it three in a row over NEW YORK. The Orioles had won the first two games of the series, one on a 10th-inning grand slam by Brooks Robinson and the other on a ninth-inning single by Don Buford. In the final game of the series, the Orioles led 5-4 in the bottom of the sixth inning when the rain started falling. Umpire Hank Sarp ordered the ground crew to roll out the tarp, but the Yankees refused to leave the field, obviously not wanting the game to end at that point. By the time Sarp could set the rebels straight on who was boss, the rain subsided and the game continued, with the

Yanks winning 7-5 on Jerry Kenney's third hit of the night. Detroit's second-line hitters put together a four-game win streak. Subs Elliott Maddox and Dalton Jones won two of them with last-inning homers, except that Jones, who should have had credit for a grand slam, ended up with a single when he passed another runner on his way to second base. Pinch hitter Gates Brown, 200 batter Don Wert and Pitcher Les Cain stroked the important hits in the Tigers' other victories. CLEVELAND's Sam McDowell, who has pitched more than one-third of his team's victories, added his 13th, beating season 3-1 even though he allowed 10 hits. WASHINGTON hit 12 home runs, but took its only win on strong pitching by Casey Cox (a four-hitter), Duk Bonham (a five-hitter) and Jim Hannan.

BAL 24-33 DET 47-38 NY 48-22
BOS 44-41 WASH 40-48 CLEV 36-42

AL WEST MINNESOTA cooled off the only remaining contenders in the West, CALIFORNIA and OAKLAND, by winning five of seven games against them. In every game, the Twins' strong bullpen of Tom Hall, Ron Ferraoski and Stan Williams appeared without allowing a run. They were awarded the decision or a save in each of the Twins' victories. The only starter to win twice during the week, Bill Zepp, ran his season's record to 5-0 and promptly asked to be shipped out to Toledo. After the transfer was arranged, Zepp, a 23-year-old righty, explained he had to be near his home in Detroit to take care of personal problems "I hope to be back," he said sadly. Things have begun to break well for KANSAS CITY, which has played close to .500 since Jim Lennin took over the team from Charlie Metro on June 9. As the Royals put together their second three-game winning burst in two weeks, their young pitchers sharpened up. Jim Rooker, a non-winner for almost a month, and Bill Butler, who had not had a victory since mid-April, tossed back-to-back shutouts. MINNEAPOLIS won five of eight games, enough to pull the Brewers past CHICAGO and out of the cellar. The White Sox were swept in two doubleheaders (they have lost nine and split one for the year) and things were getting so touchy that Manager Don Gottleridge fired Syd O'Brien and Ed Herrmann \$100 apiece for missing curfew by five minutes.

MINN 24-22 CAL 25-38 OAK 34-40
KC 30-32 MIL 32-27 CIO 31-22



COOL AND POISED AT 15, WAYNE GRINDITCH WAS THIRD IN THE MASTERS SKI MEET

Look, Mom, I'm the champ!

Still wet behind the ears, the usual gang of whiz kids got together on a Georgia lake to water-ski circles around the older generation

They were barely out of rompers and had no right to do any more than get up on maybe their sixth try and wobble around the lake once or twice behind a slow boat. Yet there they were: spraying silicone on the bottoms of their skis to reduce friction and then careening around the bright red buoys with their bodies almost parallel to the water. They are sun-tanned kids from places like Winter Park, Fla. and McQueeney, Texas, who have grown up with beaches in their backyards or with canals just down the road, and they are all too precocious. Cindy Hutcherson, a skinny little 14-year-old who looks like she should still be playing hopscotch, is a Super Master of water skiing. So is Wayne

Grinditch, 15, who goes off the jumping ramp wearing a Captain America helmet, and so is Lisa St. John, 15, whose mother was a national champion. And they all were in Callaway Gardens, Pine Mountain, Ga. last weekend for the 12th annual Masters Tournament and Water Babies Circus.

At one point in the affair a passenger in a pickup boat asked the bronzed young driver who the next skier was. "It must be that old guy," the driver said. He was talking about DuWayne Boudin, who is 29.

Naturally, the kids beat the old folks splashily. Two veteran water babies, Liz Allan, 19, and Ricky Joe McCormick, 18, won the overall titles. Both have been skiing since they were

5. Liz had her usual easy time of it, winning the women's trick events and jumping titles all three days of competition. It was her fifth Masters championship in a row. Ho-hum.

McCormick, known as Tricky Ricky, a nickname he will grow to hate as he gets older, beat out world overall champion and jumping record holder Mike Suyderhoud by 70 points, largely on a spectacular 159-foot jump in the finals. Mike, called the Flying Dutchman, couldn't match it. Poor guy, he's 20 and probably getting senile.

Among the juveniles, 17-year-old Christy Lynn Weir of Texas won the women's slalom, Lisa St. John was second in women's overall and 17-year-old Kris LaPoint won the men's slalom.

The water babies are young and undeniably attractive, but they are not pure—at least not in the fusty, Avery Brundage sense of the word. The American Water Ski Association, with only vague ties to the AAU, does not bother with the weird classifications and hypocrisies dreamed up for other sports. In fact, the AWSA doesn't differentiate between pros and amateurs at all. A skier is a skier, and if Ricky wants to put his name on a trick-riding toe bar, that's just fine. All the better if the company buys an ad in the AWSA's official magazine. Such as "world champion Liz Allan wears a such-and-such tunic in America's colors" or "Kris LaPoint breaks world records on his such-and-such ski."

Suyderhoud seems to be cashing in the heaviest. He endorses a West Coast ski, a jump jacket, a whole line of Australian goods and a breakfast cereal. For the latter he appeared in a much-used TV commercial that has caused him some embarrassment. It shows him doing something world champions aren't supposed to do—taking a spill. Presumably, the cereal will cure all that.

"I'm a pro," he says. "I make good money skiing, more than \$10,000 last year. Maybe \$15,000 this year."

There is some talk now that water skiing will be included in the 1972 Olympics as a demonstration sport, then perhaps win approval to become a regular Olympic event in 1976. If so, the World Water Ski Union and the liberal AWSA will have to make some new rules.

But right now the important goal for U.S. skiers—other than perhaps a lucrative life-jacket endorsement—is to

make the national team that goes to the world tournament, to be staged later this summer in Bañolas, Spain. Team members not only get the trip, they also get to wear those jazzy red, white and blue, star-spangled swimsuits. On the girls they look like Wonder Woman costumes.

Some say the Masters, which is an important steppingstone to the U.S. team, has stiffer competition than the world meet because even the second-line U.S. skiers are better than the foreigners. Participation in the Callaway Gardens event is by invitation—only Super Masters are allowed—so there are no mere "experts" and "masters" cluttering up the scene. The boss, ex-Congressman Howard (Ho) Callaway, likes it that way.

Bo likes to water ski himself and his daughter Betsy was national junior girls' slalom champion a few years ago. He lives in a stone house atop Pine Mountain and, because he also loves snow skiing, he has just bought himself another mountain, Crested Butte in Colorado. Callaway is fond of his little invitational on Robin Lake, and he uses it to experiment with improving the spectator appeal of water skiing. He has built a nice pavilion at water's

edge, with an elevated judges' stand. The Masters is a well-run tourney.

The toughest part about operating a ski tournament is judging each contestant's two 20-second trick runs. It requires unblinking officials who can talk faster than a tobacco auctioneer. They hunch forward, watch the skier intently and, while secretaries write furiously in shorthand, narrate the rapid sequence of stunts. Here, in the lingo of the lakes, is one of Tricky Ricky's 20-second runs, or at least the part of it that got counted. "Wake 360, wake back-to-back, reverse of that trick, back-to-front, wake-line 360, wake 360 [after which he kicked off one ski], wake stepover front-back, stepover back-front, stepover front-back, wake stepover back-front, wake-line 360, reverse of that, toe 360, toe back, toe front."

In English that means that McCormick did at least 15 tricks, first on two skis, then on one, skiing forward and backward, holding on with two hands, one hand and one foot, and turning this way and that over the towline, the boat's wake and sometimes both at the same time. "Most of the things I do, I end up backward," he

says. "I feel about as at home skiing backward as I do skiing forward."

Every stunt in a kid's repertoire means at least 50 falls learning it. Water-ski parents, every bit as avid as stage mothers but nowhere as nasty, worry most about the jumps. Christy Weir's brother, John, lost five teeth in a jump. Ricky's older brother Jim, his coach and trainer, came off a ramp in Lake of the Ozarks, landed, was caught by a wake from another boat and tore all the ligaments in a knee. Grinditch was knocked out on a jump and was floating face down when he was rescued. From then on his father insisted he wear a helmet. Alan Kempton's mother shuts her eyes and prays when he jumps.

The fears are obviously justified. The skiers swing to the right, wait until the boat goes by and then cut sharply leftward to the ramp. An experienced boat driver has to give it some gas—just enough—to offset the sometimes tremendous pull of the skier, who can slow down a boat as much as eight to 10 mph otherwise. The effect of the last-second cut is like cracking a whip and some of the men hit the ramp at 65 mph. When they land with a splash, they sometimes brailly sit down. Most sit down so hard that they wear "fanny-dunkin' pants," something over their swimsuits to lessen the sting. To accurately measure the jumps, the Masters had jump meters at three different points in the pavilion. The monitors sighed in on the splashes, reported the angles, and then people stationed up in the judging stand, double-checked by a small computer, figured out the distance by trigonometry.

They didn't need the computer to figure out that Liz Allan was going to win women's overall. That was obvious Saturday, when she won both jumping and tricks for the second day in a row. Men's overall, with Suyderhoud leading slalom and jumping and McCormick leading tricks, was still up for grabs. Then, last Sunday in his last chance, Suyderhoud missed the overall title by losing his specialty and failing to clear 150 feet in three jumps.

Ah, that Ricky. The first two days of the meet he wore a red hat with white polka dots. But on Sunday officials asked him to take it off, saying that it didn't look dignified for a member of the U.S. team. Ricky took off the hat, but he didn't like the idea. You know how it is: kids will be kids.

END



TWISTING ALONG TO ANOTHER TITLE, LIZ ALLAN IS A RELATIVE DOLPHIN AT 10

Only ornery recruits for this boot camp

Searching for tough kids who fill the requirements of the international style of play and will still be amateurs in 1972, the U.S. Olympic Committee comes up with a campful of sturdy studs

Isolated miles inside the guarded gates of a military reservation in the high Rockies, U.S. forces were putting on an unprecedented display of power last week in an area of conflict where mobile, aggressive troops are the only means to victory. Forty-four carefully screened volunteers, lured only by the promise of medals, were undergoing intensive training in a mode of combat in which our supremacy, once considered the natural status for red-blooded American boys, is being seriously challenged.

Directing the exercises for the fresh, young recruits, many of whom are unknown to our enemies, was one of the nation's most decorated commanders in this field. He had announced his retirement from his accustomed active duty but will remain on this assignment for two more years—until the task culminates on the battlefields of Munich in the summer of 1972. The regimen prescribed by the chief was rigorous, and his command cadre concentrated on the strange conditions the troops will encounter in alien territory. The trainees were divided into platoons, code-named in typically deceptive military style: North, South, East and West. They were then thrown into intraunit and interunit drills to perfect their new techniques under simulated combat conditions. In a communiqué promulgated after only four days of the three-week training period, one of the commanding officer's top aides said, "The best thing I've noticed in camp so far is that it's like watching an arena of lions. These boys have been up against children before. Now that we've got them going against each other they're all acting like lions."

The speaker was not a public affairs officer sent out from the Pentagon but John Bach, a rather peaceful sort who coaches basketball at Penn State. Bach was at the Air Force Academy in Colorado Springs along with a battery of his colleagues to help Olympic Coach Henry Iba run the first Olympic Basketball Development Camp. Their mis-

sion was to begin preparing the players who at present seem most likely to appear on the 1972 Olympic roster. Iba, who retired last spring after a glorious career at Oklahoma State and will be trying for his third consecutive gold medal as Olympic head coach, was a careful observer as his assistants put the four 11-man squads through their paces. Standing alongside him was East Texas State's Jim Gudger, who will pull 12 players out of the camp for a preliminary foray into Russia later this summer and will also coach the U.S. Pan-American Games team next year.

Invitations to the camp were tendered solely on the basis of a player's skill and probable availability for the Olympics. With the exception of six men from the armed forces, all the participants had just completed either their sophomore or freshman year in college this spring, or were recently graduated from high school. Most of them should still be amateurs, and therefore eligible for the Olympics, in the summer of 1972.

The reason for all this effort is that the U.S. can no longer dominate international basketball simply by showing up with five gunners from the corner playground. Fielding such teams, we have not won a World Games championship the last six times the tournament was played. Two months ago, at the World Games in Yugoslavia, our team lost to Italy, Yugoslavia and Brazil, and finished fourth to Yugoslavia, Brazil and the Soviet Union. We have never lost at the Olympics, but the competition gets tougher each time, and another form of competition—among the professional teams to sign good talent as it becomes available—is a disturbing factor not met in most other countries. It was the cause of widespread concern before Mexico City.

"When I came home from the preliminary tour we made with the Olympic team in 1968, before we left for the Games themselves, I never thought we would win," said Bill Summers, chair-

man of the Olympic basketball committee, last week. "We had lost our first two games in Yugoslavia. Then we won a tournament in Minsk but were really clobbered in another one in Moscow."

The U.S. did win at Mexico City, of course, due partly to the extraordinary play of an unknown junior college center, Spencer Haywood, and partly because the flashy U.S. guard corps of Jo Jo White, Charlie Scott, Calvin Fowler and Mike Barrett couldn't resist an occasional breakaway from Iba's control style of basketball. These freewheeling bursts, which ran up sudden big U.S. leads in several key games, finally pulled the U.S. through, but a firm basis for uneasiness about the Olympics had been established.

"We became apprehensive even in 1964," said Summers, "when the team



NEAREST MAN on the court, Forward Joby Wright estimates an intimidating Linton look.

did not shape up the way the '60 one had. At that time, though, we only had to negotiate with one pro league, the NBA, and they took some of the pressure off our boys about signing. In 1968 that wasn't the case. The boys were under pressure to sign and I can't blame them for doing it. It was strictly a case of money for most of them. It was obvious we needed a new program to bring in younger boys and get them interested earlier. This is it."

Summers performed two neat tricks to make the camp a reality. First he wangled about \$25,000 out of the Olympic Committee. Then he hammered out an agreement among the NCAA, AAU, NAIA, NCAA and the military to allow their players to participate. Only the Texas scholastic athletic association refused to cooperate. When it became apparent that Dwight Jones, the 6'9" center who is the best high school player developed in the state in several years, was going to be invited, Texas officials turned down the bid without even asking the youngster. His participation, the Olympic coaches were told, would have made him ineligible for the Texas High School All-Star Game in the Astrodome. "What they were saying was that the Astrodome is more important than the Olympics," complained Summers.

Of the few visitors to the camp, most were pro and college coaches, and some of them seemed less interested in what was going on than in demonstrating their expertise by asking why Elevator Superleaper of State Tech was not invited to this year's session. But the talent was first-rate, despite the fact that each governing group—AAU, NCAA, etc.—was allowed a proportionate number of representatives. As it should be for international competition, the emphasis was on the type of athletes that even basketball coaches like to call studs. Height, strength and plain old meanness were the players' most obvious attributes. There were four referees skilled in the international game, including Wayne Lichty, an Iowan who has officiated at the last two Olympics. They ran classroom sessions and interrupted practices to explain the international rules. Although the differences between U.S. collegiate rules and those used in the Olympics are relatively minor, the variations are sufficient to make the foreign game

faster and much rougher, particularly under the backboards. "It's about half-way between our college game and our pro," said Washington's Tex Winter, who coached the West squad.

The student stud of them all last week was John Wright, a 6'7" forward who smiles frequently and chats pleasantly off the court. On the floor Wright is the meanest-looking man since Sonny Liston and he knows it. "I've worked on looking this way," he said. "It helps me intimidate people." Wright, who will be a sophomore at Indiana next fall, plays as mean as he looks. An officer from the Air Force athletic department asked Academy Assistant Coach Hank Egan, "What class is that Wright in?" Said Egan, "Any one he wants to be in." Ranking with Wright in oneness were Creighton's Cyril Baptiste and Chuck Terry, a recent graduate of Long Beach (Calif.) City College. All three have a good chance to make the team that will play four games in Sweden and Poland and then eight in Russia.

There were also some big, strong guards in camp, particularly Southern Cal's high-jumping 6'4" Paul Westphal and Utah State's quick and muscular 6'4" Nate Williams. But the backcourt pair that was most impressive was the East's combination of Army Lieut. Art Wilmore, a calm playmaker who has had previous international experience, and Dartmouth sophomore James Brown, Brown, only 6'1" but a dunker, scores in bursts, particularly on the blizzing fast breaks so common in international play.

The center choice for this summer's tour may be another sleeper like Haywood. Elmore Smith, the 7' NAIA All-America from Kentucky State, does not yet have Haywood's offensive ability, but then he has only played basketball for four years and is still getting his kicks by rebounding and blocking shots. "He's a human shot rejector," said Bach after Smith snuffed 15 in his first workout.

Iba and Gudger agreed that one or more of the five high school players at the camp should make this summer's trip. "The emphasis here is on development, not selection," said Gudger. "If we wanted the best record in Russia, we'd take college juniors and seniors. But we'll take some losses this summer to build for better Pan-Am and Olympic teams."



STOPPING SHORT for a jumpshot, Tom McMillen's shot he rarely has had to make.

Steve Erickson, who will attend Oregon State in September, stands 6'10" counting his thick shock of blond hair and, even though he played mostly against Smith, he performed well. So did Jim Bradley, another 6'8" stud from East Chicago, Ind. Still, the recent high school graduate most likely to make the squad is 6'11" Tom McMillen, who played both forward and center, alternately swinging down the lane for the left-handed hook he never seems to miss and then moving out for long jump shots that he rarely had an opportunity to try back in Mansfield, Pa. McMillen, who weighs only 201 pounds, is not ideally suited physically for the international game, but he was perhaps the most impressive offensive player in camp. And he had plenty of help. With him on the North squad were Wright, Baptiste, Williams and North Carolina State's good 6'5" guard, Ed Leitch. With such teammates, even a thin man can play in any class he chooses.

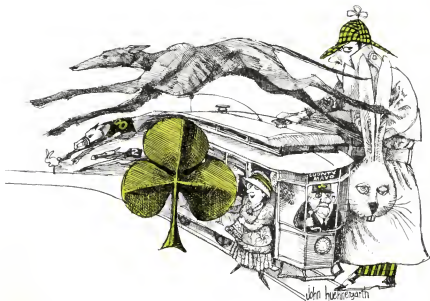
END



Sam Spade Goes to the Dogs

The luck of the Irish, Dick Andrews believes, has helped him recover the loot after Miami's big jewel robberies and led him into greyhound racing, where a farfetched series of events brought him one of the richest prizes in the sport by PAT PUTNAM

CONTINUED



On the night Teddy's Kim ran in the final of the \$50,000 Irish-American Stake, Dick Andrews, superstitiously clothed in a green Italian silk sport coat and the odor of Green Moss cologne, stood at the bar at the Biscayne Kennel Club in Miami and wondered if his hand would stop shaking long enough for him to lift a glass of Irish Harp beer to his mouth. "Oh, hell," he said to the bartender, who knew him, "the luck of the Irish got us this far, the luck of the Irish will take us all the way." The bartender shook his head. "Dick," he said, "with the luck you've had, I wouldn't be surprised to see Teddy's Kim win this race with ease and then turn into a statue of pure gold. And now would you want me to hold that glass of beer to your lips so you might sip a little?"

Although the owners of the other dogs probably were equally as nervous, they all had years of experience on Andrews and his partner, Phil Ceccarelli. By any yardstick, the two are novices, in the game more for pleasure than for profit, although they wouldn't mind matching in purses what they push through the sellers' windows.

Ceccarelli, a 54-year-old Italian American with a face the Irish Tourist Board could use on a travel poster, is the *maitre d'* at the Place For Steak in Miami. He is also the partnership's midwife. He and Andrews have one bitch, Lovely Solitaire, and Ceccarelli has delivered all four of her litters. He doesn't mind that most of the greyhound people think he's just a little wacky. "I know one veterinarian who shakes his head every time he sees me," says Ceccarelli. "What's so special about helping a dog deliver pups? Put an animal in the woods and she doesn't have anybody helping her. Big deal."

Andrews, 33, is an insurance adjuster working out of his own office, sort of a nonviolent Sam Spade specializing in major jewel thefts. Since 1966, armed only with nerve and an extraordinary set of underworld contacts, he

has recovered more than \$1 million in stolen property. In value alone his largest recovery was a \$600,000 collection of Chinese jade stolen from the Norton Art Gallery in West Palm Beach. Andrews, acting on a tip and accompanied by federal agents, turned up the jade piled in a rented haul-it-yourself trailer in Hollywood, Fla.

"It was a real complicated deal," Andrews said. "I found out that the jade was stolen for a guy who planned on shipping it out of the country. But as soon as I heard about it I ran an ad in the paper offering a \$10,000 reward. That scared the guy off. From what I can gather, when the thieves showed up with the jade the guy told them they had to hold it for a week. I don't think they were too happy. They found the guy floating in Biscayne Bay. Then I guess they just took it to Hollywood and dumped it. What else could they do with it?"

Large as it was, the jade recovery did not bring Andrews the notoriety that finding one small coin did. In May 1965 six hooded men crashed the seemingly impenetrable Gothic walls of the Sterling Memorial Library on the Yale campus. After handcuffing the guard, Bill Ruridan, to a radiator, they made off with more than \$1 million worth of rare coins, including perhaps the most famous coin in the world, the Brasher Doubloon, once owned by George Washington and now worth at least \$100,000. For 2½ years law-enforcement agencies pursued the thieves and the coins, but with small success. They did arrest a man named Riesen in Chicago for possession of some lesser coins, but there the trail ended.

Then Andrews, working on another case in Miami, heard that the doubloon was nearby and the people in possession wanted to unload it. "You hear a lot of things in Miami," says Andrews. "After all, the best thieves in the world live here. Also, the guy with the doubloon couldn't sell it. It'd be like trying to sell the *Mona Lisa*."

Through his contacts, Andrews made an appointment for the transfer of the coin, and then he called the cops. One of the problems of an insurance adjuster is that the first question the cops ask is: "Who stole it?"—which is reasonable. But the adjuster walks a tight line between helping the law-enforcement agencies and destroying his contacts, many of whom are honest people with an ear in dishonest places. Andrews told the cops he'd make a full report after the recovery. He recovered the coin on a Friday night, and he wasn't scheduled to deliver it in New York City until Monday morning. "Now what the devil do I do with it?" he asked himself. Finally, he taped it high inside his right leg and left it there for 60 hours. "After I got the coin, I went over to see Phil," said Andrews. "He collects coins, a real nut about them. And here I had the most famous coin in the world and I couldn't show it to him. When I told him later he almost flipped."

On Monday, Andrews turned the coin over to Yale's

continued

You hear a lot of things in Miami if you're a good listener.





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insurance company in New York. Then he flew back to Miami, sat down and wrote his report in verse, an art form in which he displays something short of mastery. He entitled it *Bollett of the Brasher*:

All that glitters is not gold,
And some that is cannot be sold.
Such then found its way to the Windy City,
Causing Mr. Riesen to be arrested—oh such a pity!
But the gold recovered was not of the stature
Of that lovely doubloon made by Mr. Brasher.
The Chicago coin fanciers then were afraid,
So they decided the doubloon should be sent to Dade.
The writer was called in the dead of night,
And awakened with a most terrible fright.
They spoke of the coin and of many dollars,
It was obvious they were numismatic scholars.
They bragged of how they took it from Yale,
And now it was being offered for sale.
Four months of discussions through Mother Bell,
Two of the six were very hard to sell.
We finally agreed on that certain price,
And you know how it is to deal with such lice.
But not to recover it would have been like treason,
And most of all that was my reason.

It was about the time of the doubloon robbery that Andrews and Ceccarelli started thinking about buying their own greyhound. Andrews had been born in New York City, but just after the end of World War II his parents took him and his younger sister, Betty, to Ireland. His father, William, a motorman on trolleys, was from County Meath. His mother, Mary, was from County Louth. The children fell in love with Ireland and begged to stay, and a short vacation stretched out to one of 16 months. One of Andrews' grandfathers had a greyhound past its racing prime, and the boy claimed it as a pet. Each day they would go out into the fields and hunt rabbits. In Ireland children are permitted to attend greyhound races, and Andrews was fascinated by the sport. Back in New York, however, where all the greyhounds are buses, his interest shifted to swimming—as a lifeguard in the summer, as a competitor at school in the winter. He was captain of his team at Fordham. Then the Army grabbed him, and when that was over he headed south to Miami. "Like most soldiers just getting out, I didn't know what direction my life would take," he says. "When I first got to Miami I worked a while as a lifeguard. Then I found out I wasn't supposed to be saving lives, I was supposed to save old ladies from boredom at night. I quit."

Fleeing elderly romance, he took a job as an insurance adjuster with James A. Kennedy, and when Kennedy retired two years ago Andrews took over the firm. It was Ceccarelli, a neighbor, who rekindled his interest in grey-

hounds. At first both were content just to bet. Then one night they decided that if they were going to keep on feeding dogs, they might as well own one. Phil Willmott, who runs a public racing kennel, was enlisted with orders to find a good dog but an inexpensive one. He found Lovely Solitaire, a young female still in Ireland, who had just come into season. She wouldn't be able to race for four months, which made the price right. Andrews and Ceccarelli laid out \$1,200 for the dog, the shipping costs, the crate and the quarantine. That was the first time racing people told them they were crazy.

"The only thing wrong with the dog was her name," Andrews said. "Lovely Solitaire. I'd be out on some insurance case in somebody's home and I'd notice racing programs with Lovely Solitaire's name circled. The people didn't know anything. Just a hunch. Anybody who ever owned a solitaire must have bet on the dog. They kept knocking her price down. When she won she should have been paying 20 to 1, but by the time all those hunch players got done, she'd be down to 4 or 3 to 1."

For all these problems, Andrews and Ceccarelli did well enough with Lovely Solitaire to get their money back, and when one night she came out of a race with injured legs and a veterinarian said she'd never race again, they decided, reluctantly, to sell her. But the best offer was \$300. "Phooey to that," said Ceccarelli. "She's worth \$500, at least. We'll breed her ourselves."

"Where will we keep her?" asked Andrews.

"No problem," said Ceccarelli, once again thumbing his nose at greyhound traditionalists. "I'll just take her home with me." That proved to be fine for the dog, but not much of a boon for the pet rabbit at the home behind Ceccarelli's. The rabbit ran loose. All day Lovely Solitaire would lie on the fenced-in back porch watching it. At night, when Ceccarelli returned from work, he'd take out a long leash and walk the dog. One night they passed the rabbit hiding in a nearby bush. Lovely Solitaire moved with the speed of, well, a greyhound. "Oh, well," Ceccarelli said, "somebody would have run over it sooner or later anyway so I don't feel so bad."

Andrews began searching for the right dog to breed to Lovely Solitaire, and he finally selected Groover, an unproved stud owned by Bill Ewalt. For \$100, with Andrews and Ceccarelli looking on, Ewalt performed the marriage ceremony. "Why did you pick Groover?" Ewalt asked. He's a veteran greyhound owner-trainer and spent considerable time helping the tyro owners. "Because he's got great Irish and Australian lines," said Andrews. "You guys may be new in this business," said Ewalt, "but you sure aren't stupid." Then they took Lovely Solitaire home, where Ceccarelli announced that he would act as midwife. "All you have to do," he told Andrews, "is be the bartender."

With that over and two months to wait for Lovely Solitaire to whelp, Andrews went back to work. Not all of

continued

Dogs

his cases are the size of a doubloon. One day one of the 40 companies he serves asked him to investigate a claim for a stolen diamond ring. Andrews made an appointment with the man who had lost the ring. "The guy was a little wacky. He looked like a cupcake in a beret," he said. "When I got to his house he was stoned, on J all the while I was talking to him he just kept getting more stoned."

It turned out that the man—call him Henry—had been drinking heavily one night and when it was over he accepted a ride from two strangers, who as a reward for their good deed stole his ring and then left him stranded on a highway. Later, apparently after second thoughts, they returned, picked him up and drove him home, where they drank beer for several hours more. Then when Henry fell asleep they robbed his house.

"This guy was something else," said Andrews. "All the time I was talking to him he kept babbling about writing to the Russians, buying an Alaskan airline and that he was going to kill his ex-wives." Andrews left, telling Henry he'd do what he could about his claim. But Henry couldn't wait. He returned to the same bar where his troubles had started and began abusing and threatening the customers. Finally one of the customers became annoyed, picked up a bar stool and belted Henry unconscious. When he came to, another ring and all his money were gone. A second claim was made. Henry eventually got \$700 on his first ring and \$50 in cash, and that was all. "We pointed out to him that we thought it was rather imprudent to invite two people into his house who had just robbed him," Andrews said.

"I've had easier cases," he added. "Like the time I traced a missing movie camera to the Bahamas. Some people had put a deposit toward the rental of a camera and then took off. They were making an underground movie, something called *The Naked Truth*. When I got there they still had four days of shooting to do, so I agreed that if they'd give up the camera without a fuss, I'd let them finish the movie. It went well until the last day. Then an extra failed to show up, and they said they'd have to postpone doing the ending for a few days. I said I couldn't wait—and what was the extra supposed to do?"

The extra, he was told, was supposed to don a voodoo mask and peer in on the last scene, which was very frank, through a porthole.

"With his clothes on?" asked Andrews.

"Of course," said one of the moviemakers, indignantly. "After all, all you can see is his head."

"O.K.," said Andrews, "give me the mask. I'll play the part." A few hours later, the movie completed and his dignity intact, he and the camera were on a plane for Miami.

The two months of Lovely Solitaire's pregnancy passed slowly, but at last the day came and Ceccarelli called his partner. "Bring the booze, I'm going to play obstetrician," he said. There was a nearby private kennel run by



Wearing a voodoo mask, Andrews played an extra's role.

two elderly sisters, and they had given the partners permission to use it as a maternity ward. There it began, Ceccarelli drinking and delivering, Andrews pouring and pacing. Three of the first five puppies breeched, and Ceccarelli nonchalantly turned them around. The first few came every 20 minutes; then they began to come more slowly. After 13 hours the head count had grown to 11. About then a minister, a tiny Pomeranian in his right hand, came in. "I heard about it, so I came over to pray for you," he said. "How many has she had?"

"Eleven," said Ceccarelli. "I think she is done."

"No," said the minister. "She will have one more. I will pray that it is a healthy one." Then he made his mistake; he set down the Pomeranian. In a flash Lovely Solitaire had the strange pup in her mouth. The sisters squealed in horror.

Ceccarelli moved quickly. He grabbed Lovely Solitaire and removed the pup, which, surprisingly, was undamaged.

"Oh, thank you, Lord, for saving my little doggie," said the minister.

Ceccarelli looked at him. "What are you thanking Him for? I'm the guy who took it out of Solitaire's mouth."

Four hours later the 12th pup arrived. "I don't know how that minister knew, but he knew," said Ceccarelli. "We waited four hours between the 11th and the 12th, and Dick and I figured it was all over. But he kept insisting there would be one more. I'm glad he didn't think there were going to be two more."

The pups were kept at the kennel until they were 3 months old and tearing the place apart and then were shipped to a ranch in Texas. When they were 16 months old they were brought back to Miami and turned over to Jerry Alderson, who sent them to school.

Teddy's Kim came out of that first litter, the seventh born. She was a slow starter, but once she mastered her lessons she became the star of the lot. And like all stars, she is temperamental, racing well only when started on

the extreme outside, from the No. 8 box. Started inside, she'll knock down everything in sight getting to the outside. That usually means at least three rival dogs.

In May 1969 the partners entered their ace in her first race of prominence, the mainline inaugural at Flagler. She drew the 8 box and won easily. In 28 starts she won five, placed second three times, was third twice. But in August she suffered severe injuries to both hind legs and was out of action. "That's it," the experts told the partners. "You can forget about Teddy's Kim." As usual, Andrews and Ceccarelli ignored the experts. And last January, after a six-month lay-off, Teddy's Kim was entered in the Irish-American.

The Irish-American Stakes is the brainchild of James C. Knight, president of the Biscayne Kennel Club. After one unsuccessful attempt at an international match, with Australia, he decided, in 1960, to try the Irish. At first the idea met with a somewhat cool reception. Dr. John Patrick Maguire of the Irish Racing Board said he suspected his country's dogs wouldn't do well against those in America.

"Well," said Knight, knowing his Irish, "if you are afraid to compete, so be it."

"Give me a minute to confer with my associates," snapped Dr. Maguire. It was a short conference. Thirty seconds later he said the challenge was accepted.

The rules were drawn. Thirty-two dogs of Irish breeding would compete against 32 from the United States, each group in an elimination series that would put the top four from each country in the final. The winning dog would net \$23,000. (Next year it will be \$30,000, the fastest purse for a single greyhound race in the world.)

The night of the final race brings a fine touch of the green to the Biscayne oval. Shamrocks and leprechauns adorn the walls, the program is printed in green, and signs proclaiming CAEDÉ MILE FAILE (a hundred thousand welcomes) hang from the rafters. Julian Cole, the Biscayne publicity chief and one of the world's pudger leprechauns, also decided that a few pretty girls wouldn't hurt the production, so a Rose of Tralee beauty contest was inaugurated this year. First Cole had to win permission from Ireland, because the Rose of Tralee contest is part of the annual county fair in Kerry, with entries from Irish-American clubs in America. Since there was no such club in Miami, Cole needed special dispensation from Kerry officials. His plea was so successful that he was invited to Ireland in the fall to be one of the contest judges there. "I view it as an opportunity to prove the goodwill between the United States and Ireland," Cole pontificated. "Also, it will give me a chance to kiss the Blarney stone and as many Irish broads as I can catch."

Approval won, Cole began placing ads in southern Florida papers seeking lovely young females of Irish descent. The winner would get a free trip to Ireland. The first entry was from a man. The second was from a 69-year-

old widow. Cole ruled both ineligible because they had neglected to submit pictures. The third entry was from a nun, the fourth from another male, who said he was a member of the yacht-club set. "That might make him eligible," said Cole. Finally a winner was selected. She was Eileen (Peg) Nugent, an Emory University coed. Her father was a Miami sportscaster. "She's a real beauty," said Cole. "Also, it's a public-relations coup."

"There are four elimination races. How many times do you think we can draw the 8 hole?" Andrews asked.

"I don't think the odds are in our favor," said Ceccarelli, "but after what Teddy's Kim has been through she's earned the chance."

For the first three months after her injury, the dog had been unable to get out of her crate under her own power. In January she began schooling again, and when Andrews and Ceccarelli, with Alderson, put up the \$200 fee for the Irish-American, greyhound people thought they were mad. In the first elimination race Teddy's Kim drew the No. 8 box and won easily. She drew No. 8 for the second race and won. In the semifinal it was, well, No. 8 again, and she won in a breeze.

And then she drew No. 8 for the final.

The night of the final the Andrews and the Ceccarelli clans gathered early at the track for dinner. With Andrews were his wife Barbara, his sister and brother-in-law, Betty and Pat Brady, and his cousins, Bridie and Eli Meyer,

continued

In a flash Lovely Sulistore had the winner's stranger pup in her mouth.





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Dogs continued

who had flown in from New York. For openers, Andrews sprayed them all with Green Moss cologne. Then he insisted they all drink Irish Maas.

"Dick," said Pat Brady, fingering the \$16 he planned to bet, "who do you like for a second dog?"

Andrews looked at the program. "This sounds crazy," he said, "but the one that scares me the most is P.Q. Surname, the 5 dog. And she's the longest shot in the race, 12 to 1."

Brady nodded and went to the sellers window. He bought three \$2 tickets on Teddy's Kim and then a \$10 perfecta ticket, coupling Teddy's Kim and P.Q. Surname, in that order. To win a perfecta, you have to select the first and second dogs in the exact order.

At the start Grenoble broke out of the 4 box on top, with Teddy's Kim, running happily on the outside, second. Grenoble's lead held up until the stretch turn, and there Teddy's Kim took over. There she stayed, winning by two lengths. P.Q. Surname finished second, and Pat Brady almost passed out.

The perfecta paid \$345.50. A \$10 perfecta ticket was worth \$1,229.

"Betty," Pat stammered, grabbing his wife's arm. "Betty, look at this." He held out the perfecta ticket.

"Later," said Betty. "First let me wash my brother get his trophy."

"But, Betty," said Pat. "This ticket."

Finally Betty looked. "Oh, my," she said, grabbing the ticket. "Here, let me hold it. You're too nervous."

"But I'm broke," said Pat. "I have to cash that ticket to get some money to bet on the other races."

"Here," said Betty. "Here's your \$10 back."

"Oh, nuts," said Pat, having just lost \$1,219.

Downstairs, Andrews and Ceccarelli had gathered in their trophy and their check and were working their way back through the crowd. "You know what, Dick?" said Ceccarelli.

"Yeah, you're going to get drunk."

"Of course, but that isn't what I mean."

I just figured out what the odds were on drawing the No. 8 box four races in a row. They're 4,095 to 1."

END

A roundup of the sports information of the week

GOLF JACK NICKLAUS easily sank an eight-foot birdie putt on the final playoff hole to beat Doug Sanders, by one stroke and won the British Open (page 12).

BOB RINE, 33, of Andover, Calif., stood off a charging stamp of Vicksi Zimmmerman of Sacramento. She led won the national public, ladies championship by three strokes, landing a 78 for a five, one up at total of 293.

MOST HAPPY FELLA (57-40) driven by Stanley Dumas, gained the fastest mile for 5-year-olds, this season when he won the *Champion Bay Plate* at Hardsboro just Wednesday. Liked with a 1-50-1, this quarter of a length ahead of Columbia George, Futack was 3/4 length back in third.

ADONIS RAINBOW (1910-48), sired the \$34,700 Brierley Park, but 3-year-olds, at Richelieu Park in Montreal. The Ten's Rainbow Stables, horse drivers by William (Bud) Gidneys, proved 2 winners. He won the ballroom, track, Keystone, Fox and Silver, driven by John Hogg, and Haver 4 times, finished in a dead heat for second.

HORSE JUMPING.—(DAVID BROOKE, M. of England won the world horse jumping championship at La Baule, France, first riding his own horse, Beethoven, and then those of his three opponents, making an absolutely flawless course.

HORSE RACING—Soul Sadler's JUDGEABLE, 1980-665, moved to the front at the break under apprentice Bob Woodward and retained them, but the rest of the race he won the \$54,454 Dwyer Handicap at Aqueduct. He won't saddle 108 pounds in 1981, over the 4 1/2 miles. Aggravately finished second. My friend's back, a mark below Thomas L. Blenheim Jr., a Sadler's S. Pers.

[illegible][illegible][illegible]

The *Ar. fovea* *A. adamsi* group exhibited levels in the α - and ω -carboxyl domains of the AAR, ranging from 100 to 1200, which is comparable to that of the *Ar. fovea* *A. fovea* group. A low value in the ω -carboxyl domain was RAY 305.6.11.5, with 1.39 $\times 10^3$ for the α -carboxyl domain, 234 kDa; BRCL1.1.1.5 covered the three, with a value close to 1.00 $\times 10^3$.

TEENIE TINY BOMBER ends down with her Australian Red Lion 5 & 1 in the hands of the Irish Open women, championship at Dublin. Rough, wooded, wooded, water in 5-1 about 40 minutes.

At the Wick Open chert outcrop, KLS ROAD, WALL took 72 minutes to strip the Washburn down as he walked to Robert Newcomb, 6'4" x 4" and collected the 57,400 top pins.

PLACES BARELY ABOVE $\mathbb{Z}$ of Haimanick. Much research has been done on complex points at the boundary intersectional open, defining Noether's logit Lohdahl-Kernig 6-3, 4-1, at Hainard.

THEIR FIRST PROJECT—After a month's unproductive 56-MHz hunting, on the last day of a dual hunt, the 1.4 team teaming back to take one of 11 starts and stops, the opening hunt on their 1.4 campaign (01:17:54) (see p. 2).

The winning, Miss 440, CHENGE, of the Los Angeles Irish Club, started on the inauguration of the Rialto track at Monterey, Santa Barbara County, a world record on the summer 200 meters. She was clocked at 21.4, shipping 1 second better, old time.

At the 11th annual meet in South Lake Tahoe, Ca. on 10/15/1978, Bill and I saw 1000's of birds in a world called "Birds" featuring the work of 1967's *Oregon's Wildlife Bulletin*. Grounded.

[illegible]

WRESTLING **WAVEY** Will's Wrestling Remains a Wavey Business. When the 1999 season began, the 19-year-old wrestler from Albion, N.Y., made a shocking claim: the title in the 160-pound class would go to his friend, "Nugget" Kohnkade. A distant cousin, he had a shoulder in the wrestling machine. But he captured the season title and lost just one match in 11 in a career of 100. A change of heart, as it were, led him to drop a bomb during the third annual World Championships. After a speech at the event was the announcement of final wrestler, 1999 gold medalist, the 1999 champion, Kade, who broke Kade's promise. "I just want to say, 'Go, go, go!'" he cheered, patting Kade on the back. "I really want to see you succeed."

HIKEPOSTS AWARDING To the University of Maryland, the fourth straight year, the Commonwealth awarded overall excellence in all categories. Under 6 categories, Maryland won titles in 12 sports, consistently dominating sailing, indoor and outdoor track, and football. It has a turnover to North Carolina.

SAMRID As headmaster of the Phrasar, the Grammy on 30 L'EAM 76, SAMRID, 25, who had the Big Ten 2000 and track, told the press conference with all the University of Michigan, a playing field. Chalmers, who was named after the head of the University of Michigan.

THEL JAMES H. BEAVER, 67, now and on commission of the Adams Coast Customs, who was Arnold Palmer's golf coach at Wake Forest.

CREDITS

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FACES IN THE CROWD



CARL THOMPSON, 88, led the Ada 106th High Cadets to their second consecutive state track title by winning the 440 in 54.3, the 220 in 22.9 and anchoring a 48.2 leg on the winning mile relay team (3:19.2), personally collecting 15 of Ada's 43 points.



KAREN TURKOVICH
14, knuckled down to win the Girls National Marbles championships, sweeping 19 out of 40 matches to finish up a 97% score, the highest in the history of the tournament. Karen follows her sister Pat, who won the same title in 1967.



LYNN SPENCER, 18, from Ashburn, N.C., won the Class C Clay Dressage championship in a National Horse Show Ponyhairs Association tournament at Weston-Salem, losing 5 riders out of 213 shot for a 4th average competition against www.hippos.com.



HAROLD SOLOMON, 17, of Springbrook High in Silver Spring, Md., the country's fifth-ranked junior, won the U.S. Lawn Tennis Intercollegiate championship with a 6-2, 3-6, 6-2 victory over Harris Masterson of Mobile, Ala. at the tournament in Bethesda.



JEFF LEWIS, of A page Arlington High broke his own state record in the 100 yard backstroke with a 54 second burst at the Ohio schoolboy trials. He also holds state records in the 200 yard individual medley, 100 yard freestyle and 100 yard butterfly.



DAVID ROEM, 6, shows a stop for the Astoria (Va.) Boys Club. The event is a five-inning version of baseball, minus an unwieldy trip play. First, a sliding pop-up to short, the raising to second up to a pitcher, totally ex-splaining as they run back to first.

19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

COMMENTS

Sirs:

In regard to Gary Player's statement that "making rude remarks about a golf course is like accepting an invitation to dinner and telling the host the food is lousy" (*Town's a Shark at Potters Pool*, June 29), Mr. Player is an excellent golfer and I think a fine man, but he has no right to talk that way about a fellow golfer who is one of the best on the tour today. Dave Hill didn't get an invitation to play in the U.S. Open. He had to qualify for it through hard work and long hours of practice. He didn't tell the host the food was lousy. He merely made some remarks about the course that were probably true. When golfers like Nicklaus and Palmer have trouble breaking 80 you know it isn't because they're not keeping their head down. Dan Jenkins is absolutely right in calling the fine imposed on Mr. Hill "absurd." The PGA had no right to do it.

HOWARD WATERS

Newport News, Va.

Sirs:

If Dave Hill can be fined for his comments about the Hazeltine golf course (June 29) surely Orville Moody should be reprimanded for his appalling remarks about student demonstrators (June 22). Baseball Commissioner Kuhn says Jim Bouton's book reflects badly on professional baseball's image, certainly Moody's statements is much more damaging to golf's image than Bouton's book ever can be to baseball. Unfortunately there are far too many Americans today who agree with Moody's horrendous remarks.

JAY L. FRANZ

Ritzville, Wash.

Sirs:

The questionable statement of Mr. Moody was probably a figure of speech just as "kill the umpire" is. Give the man a break. Don't condemn him for a slip of the tongue he probably never meant in the first place.

RANDALL W. FRICK

Isle of Palms, S.C.

SAD TALE

Sirs:

I read *The Sad Tale of the Tiger* in the July 6 issue. Let me tell you the sad tale of the tiger hunter.

If you think the stock market was a bad bet in '69, you should try a tiger hunt in India, normally known as a shikar, which translated means sucker. If nonactivity is your bag, try India. They illegally bounce you all night in a World War II jeep, with the spotlights piercing the flora looking for animal eyes. You hire an army to drive the "game" to you. You sit in a tree over live bait or over dead bait. Results are the same: nothing.

After a month the dawn comes. Hell, there isn't enough game for a healthy tiger to live on. After getting an official drunk the following facts came out. There were between 450 and 500 foreign tiger hunters in India during the season of '69. Forty-seven tigers were killed, which means one in 10 hunters was getting a tiger at \$5,000.

continued

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18TH HOLE continued

a throw. You could do better in Las Vegas. Glad to be home.

JAMES J. MELLON JR.

Chicago

WISCONSIN ROW

Sirs:

Re the SCORECARD item "Crazy" in the July 6 issue and the comments of beleaguered Wisconsin Athletic Director Elroy Hirsch ("Crew is a wonderful tradition at Wisconsin, but we can no longer afford \$40,000 worth of tradition") I wonder what he can afford? Are sports for the benefit of the participants or merely money-makers for the school that sponsors them?

Crew at Wisconsin may not be a money-making proposition—and thus may not impress Hirsch—but how about the fact that while Wisconsin football was improving to a magnificent 3-7 record and a tie for fifth place in the Big Ten in 1969, Wisconsin's crew was second only to Washington in the national championships. And doesn't sports also have something to do with winning?

DAVE ROSENTHAL

Syracuse University Crew

Silver Spring, Md.

NIJINSKY'S WALTZ

Sirs:

Accompanying Claud Cockburn's delightful article (*Triumph for the Clan O'Brien*, July 6)—full of local color, Irish atmosphere and charm—there is a photograph of significance showing the horses nearing the finish of the Irish Sweepstakes Derby. It shows the ears of the place horse, Meadowville, turned back, which usually is a sign the horse is running under pressure. On the other hand, Nijinsky, drawing away to win, is shown with ears cocked forward, usually a sign the horse is running well within capacity, serving to underscore the remarks of his jockey, Liam Ward: "My grandmother could have won the race on that horse." What's next, Nijinsky?

G.M.W. KONIG

New York City

HEAVY HAND

Sirs:

Your July 6 cover picture of hammer thrower George Frenn looks exactly like my golf swing feels when I'm one down, 18th hole, par 4, 450 yards and my opponent has already hit one out of sight.

PRIZ WOOD

Bethesda, Md.

VEST POCKETS

Sirs:

If Mr. Coburn is the originator of the type of craft featured in your story (*Vest-Pocket Fishermen*, June 22) he must have been seated at his drawing board with a Boston Whaler brochure fully opened at the

time he transformed this "revolutionary" design. The Fisher-Pierce Co., Rockland, Mass. has been graciously allowing purchasers from Alaska to the Keys to gobble up every available hull it has made for more than a decade.

The basic big-water features of the four superb boats shown—sandwich-type glass construction, beamy self-bailing hulls, center console, flat deck areas and more—were all found on the first Fisher-Pierce Whalers. While I'd be proud to own any of the four in your gallery (should something happen to my Whaler), please give your browsing readers a look at the original vest-pocket fisherman.

LOU CALDERO

La Crosse, Wis.

• For a good look, see 34, July 29, 1981—ED

SELLING SEASHELLS Sinc

The last thing the already burdened biosphere needs is an article extolling its plunder (*A Gunshot in a Shell Game*, June 15). This raping has led to the disappearance of pretty seashells from many areas where they were once abundant. Professional collectors continue to strip reefs the world over, catering to the insatiable demands of the purveyors of marine curios and jewelry. The depredations of amateur and professional shell collectors are on a par with those of the hunters of plumage and rare birds and animals at the turn of the century.

KENNETH R. H. READ
Director of Research
New England Aquarium

Boston

OLE Sinc

Your article about Cayetano Ordóñez (*The Sun Also Sets*, June 29) was a moving commentary on the last years of one of Spain's greatest terror. For me, it is fitting that I should have read the article this week, for I have just left to spend the summer touring Spain with Antonio Ordóñez, his son, an even greater figure in bullfighting. I will be teaching him English and, hopefully, by the end of the summer he'll be able to read the article. Ole and a lap around the ring for another 81 article on the bulls.

JUDITH LYONS

New York City

FORTUNATE COOKIE Sinc

The article on Chu Cheng in the June 22 issue was an example of quality. Her record in track are going to be difficult for other women to equal.

This was the first time I had read anything about this Taiwanese, and the article

continued

65

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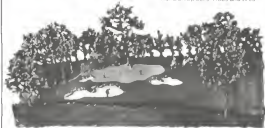


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FORTUNE forecast for the next 18 months:

The Great Turnaround

The following excerpts are from Business Roundup published in the July FORTUNE. For full reprints for the use of associates and customers, write to: FORTUNE, 1718, Time & Life Bldg., Rockefeller Center, New York 10020.

The U.S. economy has turned the corner on its 1970 readjustment. National output began to expand again last quarter, after erosion of nearly 1 percent in real G.N.P. between last summer and last winter. Roundup forecasts that real economic growth will accelerate over the next eighteen months, to an annual rate of nearly 3 percent in the next half year and a little better than 4 percent during 1971. Expansion will continue to speed up in 1972, and indeed the 1971 rate may be pushed higher by a turn early next year to a more expansionary fiscal-1972 budget.

For 1970, G.N.P. still promises to total about \$980 billion, as Roundup forecast in January, but with two or three billion less than forecast in real output and about as much more in extra inflation. G.N.P. in current prices promises to pass the trillion-dollar rate before year-end and to total \$1,050 billion in 1971. While the 1970 rise in G.N.P. will be almost all attributable to inflation, half of next year's larger rise will represent an advance in real output.

A redeployment of priorities and resources

It seems clear that—without either stumbling into a deep recession or renewing the inflationary boom—the nation is successfully negotiating a massive redeployment of priorities and resources, from an economy based on defense and business investment to one directed more toward consumption, housing, and social welfare. This grand reshuffle, netting out to a new balance, rests on a series of major economic turns that have sometimes been obscured in recent weeks by more dramatic headlines.

Despite Cambodia, defense production has declined at an accelerating pace, and so it will begin to level out next year. Despite outsize reports of spending plans, business has already begun trimming its investment purchases to fit its shrunken needs (and funds), and will continue to do so next year. Despite the stock market, consumers have increased their purchases of goods as millions of people benefited from fatter federal checks or thinner tax withholdings, and this, too, will continue. And despite the congestion in financial markets, new housing funds have flowed into a sharp rise in build-

ing permits, which presages an immediate start on a long recovery in home building.

In reflection of these shifts, final sales of goods have leveled out, so inventory buying has for the present settled to a replacement basis, following a \$10-billion cutback in the accumulation rate between last summer and last winter. This inventory cutback pared over-all G.N.P. then; and the ending of the cutback is what allowed the uptrend in services to lift G.N.P. last quarter. As sales strengthen, business will gradually increase its inventory buying.

Productivity comes alive

The signal economic fact of last spring had to do not with the new strength in demand, but rather with a new strength in supply—which Roundup last January tagged as "fundamentally a larger concern for 1970." Productivity, or output per man-hour, rose sharply, for even as over-all output advanced, employment declined. On the basis of the preliminary May data, Roundup estimates that productivity in the private economy rose a full 1 percent last quarter alone. After two whole years of no advance at all, productivity should resume its average annual advance of 3 percent.

Good news about productivity is of course good news for prices—though temporarily bad news for unemployment. Through last winter, with hourly wage compensation rising at a rate of some 7 percent a year but hourly productivity stagnant, labor costs inevitably went up 7 percent a year and inflation accelerated to a rate of over 5 percent. But inflation has been slowing since then, most obviously in wholesale prices—down to a 1 percent rate between February and May. In cutting payrolls, business has been intent on getting costs down in order to get profit margins up, but the paring will also be reflected in a slower rate of increase in prices. If a productivity gain of 3 percent does occur, partly offsetting the rise in wages, the rise in labor costs will slow to a 4 percent rate. Roundup expects the inflation rate to drop below 4 percent before the end of the year and to abate further during 1971.

On the heels of the payroll cutting, unemployment has reached the 5 percent level months ahead of time. It would ordinarily tend to rise fractionally over the rest of this year and into 1971, so long as economic growth remains below a 4 percent annual pace, and only begin to subside as the economy approaches 1972.

If unemployment does rise above 5.5 percent, say, it may well take over from price inflation as the bell-

wether index for the economy and economic policy. President Nixon could give a more expansionary tone to the federal budget for fiscal 1972 than is in prospect right now.

The Federal Reserve, needless to say, will also be reappraising policy, in the light of trends not only in prices and unemployment but also in the budget and the U.S. official balance of payments, now in continuing deficit. This spring the Fed has been pressed to supply liquidity to thirsty and sometimes panicky markets.

Interest rates heading down

When it can, the Fed seems likely to settle down to growth rates on the order of 5 percent for money and 8 percent for credit—rates that the January Roundup suggested might be normal under present circumstances. Short-term interest rates, already down a percentage point from peaks of six months ago, should head down again in 1971. Long-term rates, which have gone on up once more to new historic highs, should start a gentle decline before very long.

The malaise that hit financial markets in the spring, while not altogether unexpected, nonetheless proved unsettling. During a liquidity squeeze, there is always a risk of a chain reaction that could undercut business spending even further from the reduced levels projected here. But the worst seems to have passed, particularly as the Fed is supplying some liquidity again.

There is no guarantee, of course, against a nasty surprise from some quarter—e.g., the Penn Central bankruptcy. But on balance, even if the pace won't be exciting for a while, the economy appears to have come through a spring of turbulent transition surprisingly well.

Factors in the Turnaround

DEFENSE. The real volume of purchases of goods and services for national defense will decline about as much in the coming eighteen months as in the past eighteen—\$20 billion in all over the three years. The sharpest part of the drop is under way now, indeed with virtually all the cutbacks in procurement to be completed this year.

BUDGET. The federal budget moved into deficit over the past eighteen months, but it will move back toward surplus over the next eighteen. Nondefense spending, up by a rate of over \$20 billion the past period, will go up a bit more in the next—assuming passage of the new \$5 billion welfare program. With little or no net tax cutting and a modest economic recovery, the rate of revenues should rise \$22 billion, twice as fast as in the past year and a half.

CAPITAL GOODS. Roundup projects that the volume of investment will continue to recede over the next eighteen months, at an average annual rate of about 5 percent. Electric and communication utilities, however, will be increasing outlays.

By late 1971, on balance, growth in total capacity will be running at a rate of about 3.5 percent, down from 4.5 percent at present. A rate of 3.5 would be below the economy's potential long-term growth rate, and so an upturn in capital goods can be visualized for some time thereafter.

INVENTORIES. While inventories and sales are stable now, over-all stock-sales ratio is on the high side, about 3 percent above year-ago levels. As final sales quicken, business will work off about half of

this extra stock, while gradually increasing inventory buying. The over-all buying rate may be \$5 billion better than now at the end of 1971, and still going up into 1972.

CREDIT. Credit conditions have begun to ease in recent months, and they will continue to ease over the next year and a half. Corporation trends will reduce needs for external funds. Meanwhile, however, more funds will be going to finance Treasury borrowing, local government flotations, and housing activity.

Short-term interest rates will tend to stay firm through coming weeks of Treasury borrowing, but there should be another decline by next spring. Long-term markets, under great pressure from demand, will gradually moderate, as will inflationary expectations. Long-term rates will tend to come down again, not abruptly but perhaps soon.

HOUSING. Residential construction has already begun a long boom. The annual rate of private new housing starts recovered to 1,200,000 in May. Roundup projects a powerful surge, carrying before next year-end to new highs of over 1,800,000.

Roundup expects that mortgage rates will gradually come down through 1971. And federal housing agencies are now rapidly expanding various programs to help subsidize interest costs, which will underwrite a major building upsurge well into 1971.

PRICES AND WAGES. Roundup sees the 1970 rise in hourly compensation at or below the 7 percent annual rate of the past two years. In manufacturing, the improvement in productivity since last December has actually kept unit labor costs steady in the face of rising wages. For 1971, the guess now is that inflation will slow to less than 4 percent for the year, possibly to a 3 percent rate before year-end.

INCOME AND SAVINGS. Real disposable income grew at a moderate rate during 1969—2.5 percent a year. But income has just risen by 2.5 percent or so in the first two quarters of 1970 alone, thanks to lower taxes and higher federal pay and pensions. The economic growth Roundup projects would by itself push up real income at an average annual rate of 3 percent. There will be further federal largesse. The savings rate temporarily rose last quarter to 7.2 percent of disposable income. But the trend will be down—the rate will go below 6.5 percent.

CONSUMER SPENDING. Roundup projects a further rise of 1 percent a quarter for the rest of 1970, and an increase in the quarterly growth rate to 1.5 percent by late next year.

Purchases of consumer goods in real terms rebounded by 1.6 percent in the Spring. Home-goods sales should do well in 1971. The volume of food purchases will go up. Consumer services purchased lately shaded below a 4 percent annual uptrend should get back on trend during 1971.

THE BALANCE OF PAYMENTS. The U.S. trade balance is now in the black by about \$2 billion. Meanwhile, the over-all U.S. balance of payments is running in heavy deficit. This could be a check on credit policy in 1971.

FORTUNE

For the Men in Charge of Change

MEET:



STANLEY LABEL
in Akron

Men who do a job exceedingly well soon earn a reputation for their expertise. Such a man is Stan Label.

Stan's education and business experience well qualified him for a career in financial planning. Born in Youngstown, Ohio, he received his B.S. degree in finance at Ohio State University. After experience as an administrative assistant and controller, he joined Connecticut General in 1967 as a group pension representative. Today, he's a district manager of the Northeast Ohio Group Pension office located at 2975 West Market Street in Akron. One of Ohio's rising young businessmen, he devotes his professional skills to helping the state's leading insurance men provide for the needs of their group insurance clients.

Stan Label does things a little differently... it's his idea to **serve first**. Men like Stan are located in major metropolitan areas throughout the country. They make CG service much more valuable to people and businesses from coast to coast.

CONNECTICUT GENERAL LIFE INSURANCE
COMPANY, HARTFORD

**CONNECTICUT
GENERAL**

18TH HOLE *continued*

made me think about Red China: if they sent their athletes into international competition instead of using them to manufacture weapons, just imagine what they could do in the sport world.

MARTIN LEE ENGEL

Schaatopol, Calif.

TOUGH DECISIONS

Sirs:

Why is it that umpires today are forced to comply with the traditions of yesteryear in regard to dress? It's hard enough for these men to make decisions without being bothered by the heat of a July day. To me, there is a simple solution. Why not, as in football, hockey and basketball, have umpires wear striped jackets and white pants. It would still be easy to distinguish them from the ballplayers. Come on now, baseball has changed in other ways, how about in its officials?

NEIL SACK

St. Andrews East, Quebec

SNOW JOB

Sirs:

Just as the Department of Defense is beset revealed for the patchwork of self-serving euphemisms it finds itself required to hide behind, the Bureau of Reclamation is clouded by an irresponsible tendency to be only marginally concerned with the land it is charged with protecting—if it may be fairly judged by the cloud-seeding paragon proposed by the Dr. Strangelove of Project Skywater, Dr. Kahan (*No Snow Job for Us*, June 29).

The Department of Defense labels our continued slaughter of Vietnamese, Laotians and Cambodians as "augmented protectionary reaction"; the Bureau of Reclamation calls this deliberate occlude in the San Juan Mountains merely "precipitation augmentation."

Must the Colorado River Basin, like Hue, "be destroyed to be saved?" What the Santa Barbara-San Diego-San Bernardino sprawl needs is a few more birth-control pills, not silver-iodine pellets.

DAVID C. EARRING

Marlborough, Mass.

SWITCH

Sirs:

I must comment on your pessimistic predictions of Mike Garrett's success in baseball (*Score! Can't*, June 22). You pointed out that the odds are against him, judging from past attempts made by other outstanding athletes, but remember they must have been terribly against him when he initially sought to play a much more violent and tougher game.

As for Bud Hershenson's comment, if the two were to switch and replay the World Series and the Super Bowl odds are Mr. Gar-

rett would get the better end of the deal.

To summarize, let it be a question of determination, not of odds.

KELVIN W. RILEY

Chula Vista, Calif.

Sirs:

In relation to Mike Garrett and college football players in major league baseball there were other pretty good players who made the switch.

Mackey Cochrane, no less, is in Boston U's Hall of Fame for both baseball and football.

Sam Chapman of California played in the Rose Bowl and batted .322 for the A's in 143 games one year.

Christy Mathewson was a great college football at Bucknell.

Rags Stephenson of Alabama won two varsity football letters and later, as a major leaguer, became one of the top sluggers of all time—eight seasons with the Cubs over .300.

Jesus Hill of USC was a Rose Bowler and hit .293 for the Yankees in 1935 and at least that well with Washington in '36 and Philadelphia in '37.

BRAYEN DYER

Beverly Hills, Calif.

GETTING THE POINT

Sirs:

What are you trying to do, take away the only points scored by Kansas State University in the NCAA track championships? In Pat Putnam's story describing the meet (*Cal Cats Down the Barbarian*, June 29), Kansas State's Ken Swenson, winner of the 880, is erroneously listed as representing Kansas University. The rivalry between KSU and KU is keen enough without Mr. Putnam sharpening the blade.

THOMAS K. ROGER, 2ND LIEUT.

USAF

Kansas State '69

Homeside AFB, Fla.

NO DESIRE

Sirs:

It is interesting to note that Ray Fiol, associate director of athletics at the University of Illinois, has put out an "invigorating pep talk" record for football teams (*Occur-Can*, June 22). It is questionable if the record has been heard by the Illinois football team, since its record for the last two years is 1-9 and 0-10. And if team members did hear it, they certainly were not motivated "to have desire, make the sacrifice and pay whatever price necessary to win."

RICHARD H. LANSING

Carbondale, Ill.

Address editorial mail to TIME & LIFE Bldg., Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020.

What's new Pussycat?



We hereby declare 1970 The Year of the Pussycat. Our national prize-winning drink has become a great success. No wonder. This sunny, orange-sweet sour makes you want to purr. And mixes up quick as a cat. Just combine a packet of "Instant Pussycat Mix," water and Early Times. Ask for Instant Pussycat Mix at your favorite food or liquor store.

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